...WORLDS—THE UNIVERSE OF THE FUTURE

PLANET COMICS

No. 7
JULY
10¢

FICTION HOUSE MAGAZINES

"INVASION OF THE CYCLOPS-MEN of MARS"
featuring
FLINT BAKER

"PRE-HISTORIC BEASTS of PLUTO"
SPURT HAMMOND

"REVOLT OF THE ROCK-MEN"—
BUZZ CRANDALL

THE RED COMET

FERO

CAPT. NELSON COLE

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WEIRD ADVENTURES ON OTHER WORLDS—THE UNIVERSE OF THE FUTURE

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JUMBO JIM,
461 8th Ave., New York City

☐ JUMBO ☐ FIGHT
☐ PLANET ☐ JUNGLE

(Place X in boxes as you check your coupons)

Name ..... Age .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

PLANET COMICS, JULY, 1940

A

B

(Box C)

◎ Follow the Bull's-Eye Brand ◎

EASY MONEY FOR YOU!

$100 in Prizes!

Boys and girls, here's a sure-fire way to make some money. All readers of the BULL'S-EYE BRAND comic magazines—JUMBO, FIGHT, PLANET, JUNGLE—are eligible for the big contest.

Here's how to enter. Across the page to the left you see a typical ad-layout. Simply make up an ad on these four famous comic magazines.

Fill in the top 2 lines marked A and B with a slogan. One that will catch the ad-reader's eye. A good strong slogan that will put across the BULL'S-EYE message with a bang!

When you've written your slogan, move on down to Box C. Here's an opportunity to show how well you can write. Tell in a few words, just as if you were selling the magazines JUMBO, FIGHT, PLANET and JUNGLE to your best pal, what these magazines have that other comic books don't have. Filling in the balloons in the cartoon will give you something extra to show whether you can write a good ad. That's all there is to it. Simple, isn't it? The first prize for the best ad is $25. The second one is $15, and the third $10, the fourth will be $5; the remaining are 45 prizes of $1 each.

No entries will be returned, and all entries will be considered the property of Fiction House Magazines.

Carefully print your ad and also print the coupon so that both together can easily be read. While it is only necessary to fill out a single ad-layout, the rules require that there be four coupons, one from each of the July, 1940 issues of JUMBO, FIGHT, PLANET and JUNGLE. Mail your entries to JUMBO JIM, 461—8th Avenue, New York City.

Come on, Boys and Girls, join the contest and win prizes galore!

JUMBO JIM

PRIZE-WINNERS IN THE APRIL ISSUE MANHUNTER CONTEST

FIRST PRIZE George W. Flippen, Jr., Dahlgren, Va.

Second Prizes Walter Bell, 945 Marion St., St. Paul, Minn.
Joe Corenzia, 201 Skillman St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Norman Cerville, 110 E. Elm St., Torrington, Conn.
Victor Cohen, 3714 Clen Ave., Baltimore, Md.
James Gabriel, 1 Parker St., West Falls Church, Va.
Eleanor Goudett, 39 Wadsworth St., Hartford, Conn.
George Hall, 1426 E. Brady St., Milwaukee, Wis.
William Hushion, 5943 Belmar Terrace, Philadelphia, Pa.
Anna Krimsky, 531 E. 82 St., N. Y. C.
Kingsley McHenry, 612 Marshall, Houston, Tex.
Sylvester Milazzo, 2500 St. Philip, New Orleans, La.
Henry F. Mountain 3034 Grand Concourse, Bronx, N. Y.
Donald Parker, 17 Montrose Terrace, Irvington, N. J.
John Poldoian, 18 Wadsworth, Malden, Mass.
Harold Ringler, Jr., 2818 Norwood Ave., Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio
C. Shintani, Rt. 1 Box 209-B, Watsonville, Calif.
John Stoffa, 2120 Robin St., Lakewood, Ohio
Theodore S. Tomczyk, 3025 W. 39 Pl., Chicago, Ill.
Shirley Wilson, Dunbarton, N. H.
Kenneth Woodman, 315 First St., E., Ft. Frances, Ontario, Can.

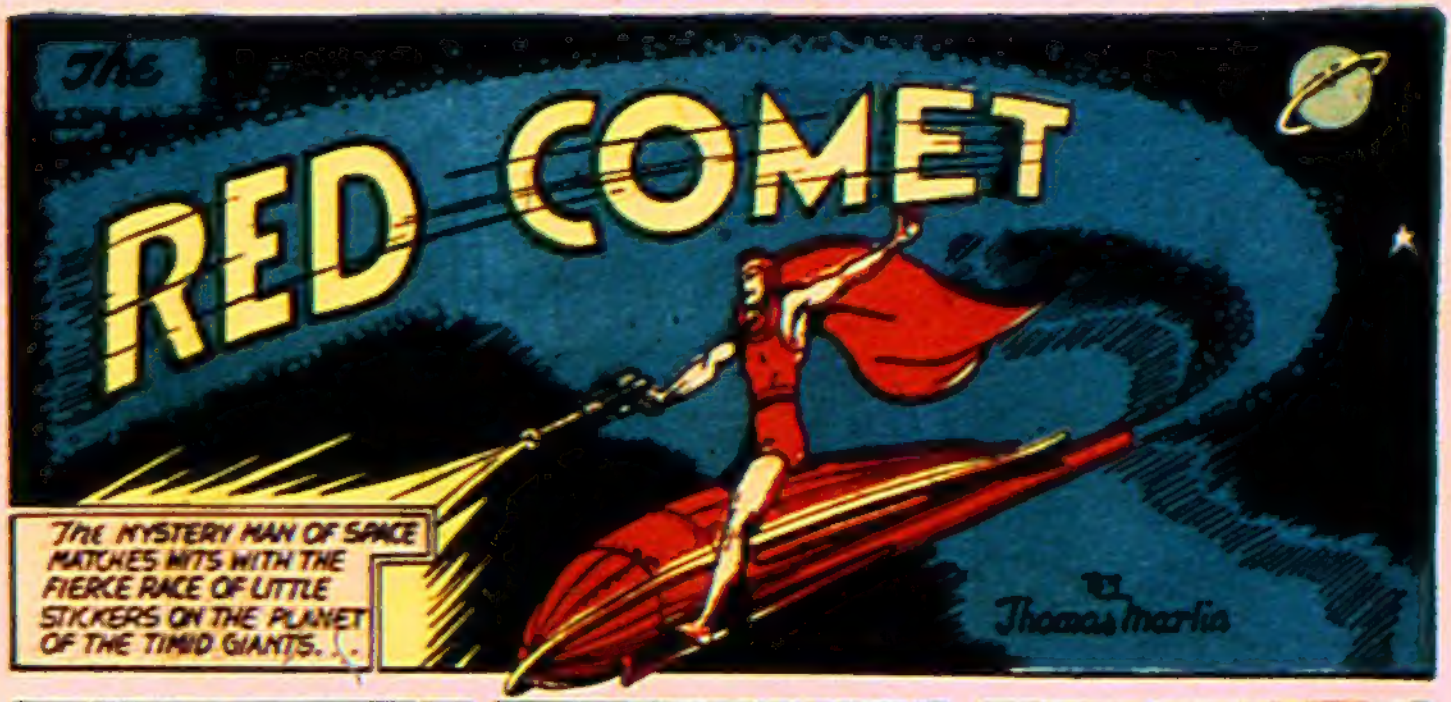
THE fine-feathered murderer in "The Case of the Frightened Killer" was Clarence, old Dean's youngest son. His motive was clear: Titus, the first heir, must be removed in order for Clarence to inherit the Dean fortune. Being an inventor it was easy for him to rig an electric eye on the safe. Easy for him to get Titus to manipulate the flashlight on the thin pretense that he was afraid of the dark. But Bull's Eye Bannon and his Manhunters were right on the job, so Clarence got his!

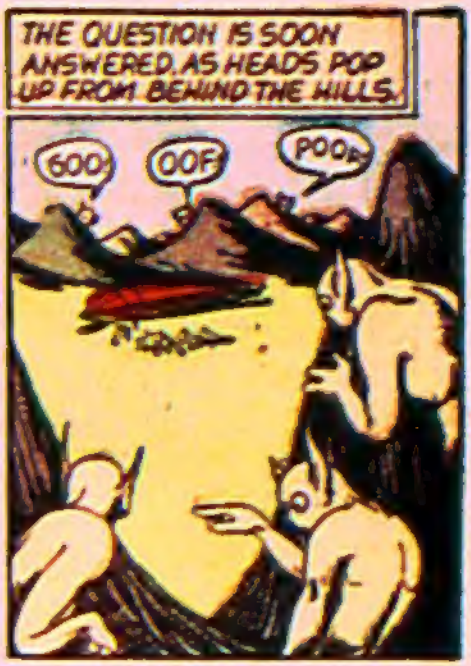
FICTION HOUSE MAGAZINES — A FICTION HOUSE MAGAZINE

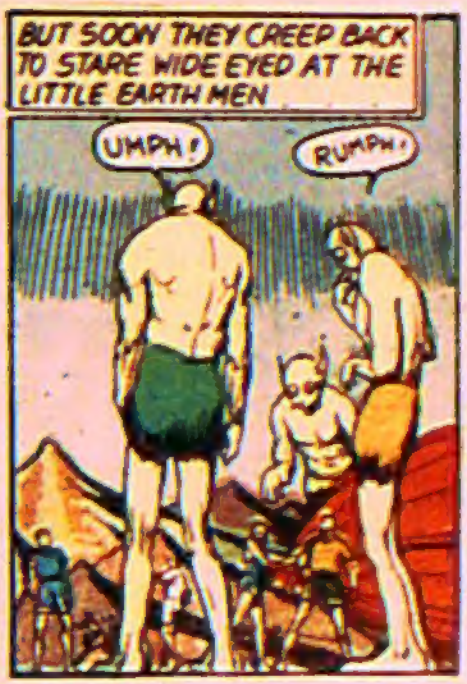
PLANET COMICS, VOL. 1, NO. 7, JULY, 1940. Published every month by Love Romances Pub. Co., Inc., 461 8th Ave., New York City. Thurman T. Scott, Pres.; Malcolm Reiss, Editor; William E. Eisner, Art Director; S. M. Iger, Feature Editor. Entered as second-class matter December 11, 1939 at the post office at New York, New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Contents of this magazine are copyrighted, 1940, by Love Romances Pub. Co., Inc. Yearly subscription in U. S. A. $1.25; Canada $1.50; Foreign $2.10. Single copies 10 cents in U. S. A. and Canada. 15 cents in foreign countries. For advertising rates address Wm. J. Delaney, Inc., 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City. Printed in U. S. A.

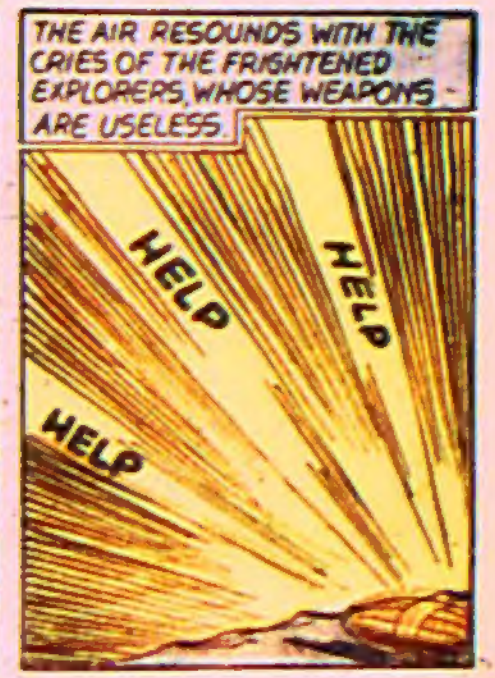
IMPORTANT NOTICE: THE NEXT ISSUE OF PLANET COMICS (No. 8, AUGUST) WILL BE ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND JULY 15TH.

The RED COMET


The MYSTERY MAN OF SPACE MATCHES WITS WITH THE FIERCE RACE OF LITTLE STICKERS ON THE PLANET OF THE TIMID GIANTS...
By Thomas Martin

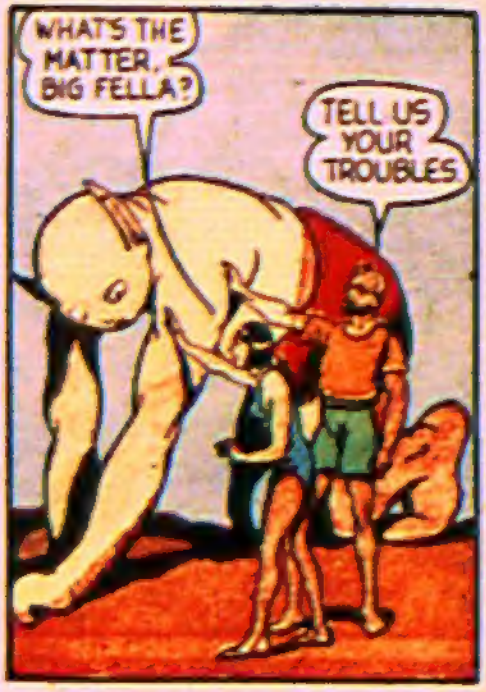




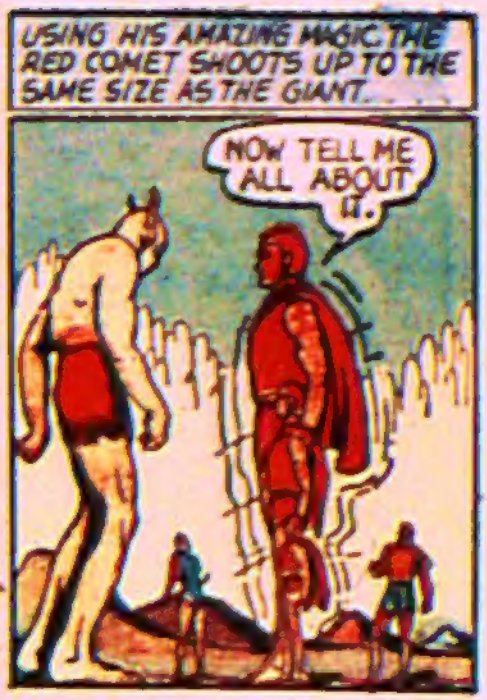


COMIC ART COLLECTION

HEARING THE CRIES OF DISTRESS, THE RED COMET SPEEDS TO THEIR AID.
WE CAN DO NOTHING AGAINST THE HUGE MONSTERS!
WHY, THEY'RE HARMLESS! THEY'RE PROBABLY MORE SCARED THAN YOU ARE!
THE CURIOUS GIANTS STILL GATHER ABOUT THE HILLS.
WATCH, I'LL SHOW YOU.
WHY, LOOK AT THEM RUN!
GET BACK IN THOSE HILLS!
WOOOOOOH!
OOOH!
NOW WE'LL CALL THEM OUT OF HIDING. THEY'RE REALLY VERY FRIENDLY.
COME OUT. WE WON'T HURT YOU
HERE, WE'RE YOUR FRIENDS!
AT LAST, THEY ARE LURED FROM THE CAVE. TIMIDLY THEY CRAWL FORTH.
THEY LOOK SO SAD.
MAYBE THEY ARE
GREAT TEARS ROLL DOWN THE ROUND CHEEKS.


WHAT'S THE MATTER, BIG FELLA?
TELL US YOUR TROUBLES

THE GIANT'S VOICE IS LIKE THE RUMBLE OF DISTANT THUNDER.
MUMBLE MUMBLE-SOB.
WHAT?

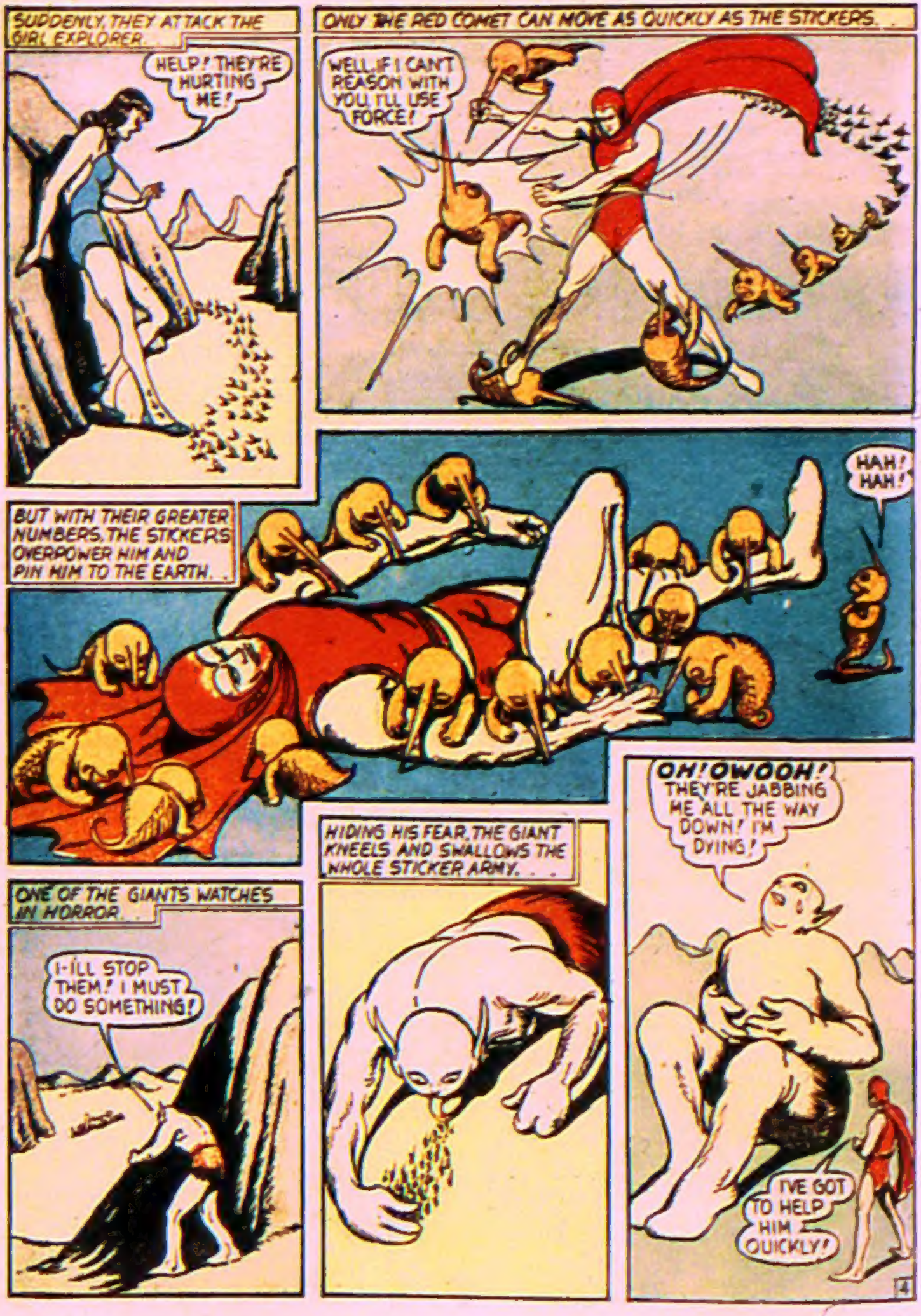

USING HIS AMAZING MAGIC THE RED COMET SHOOTS UP TO THE SAME SIZE AS THE GIANT.
NOW TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT.

IT'S-IT'S THE STICKERS! THEY TORMENT US NIGHT AND DAY. WE GET NO REST AND OUR NERVES ARE SHOT TO PIECES!

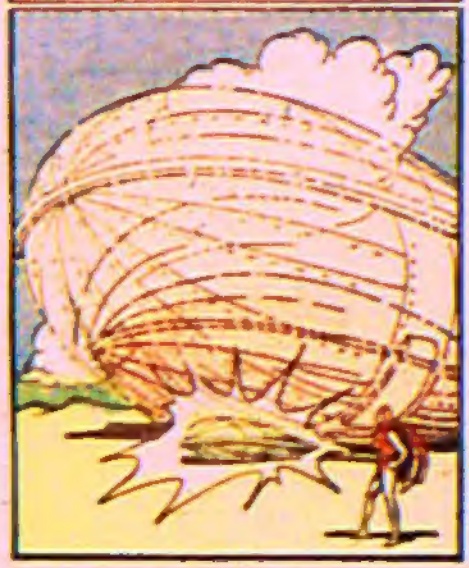
LOOK OUT! HERE COME THE CRUEL BEASTS NOW! OWOOOH!
OOH!

REDUCING HIMSELF TO THE STICKERS SIZE, THE RED COMET TRIES TO MAKE PEACE.
HA! HA! WE LIKE TO TEASE THE BIG OAFS!
THEY'RE SCARED OF US!
YOU CAN'T STOP US!

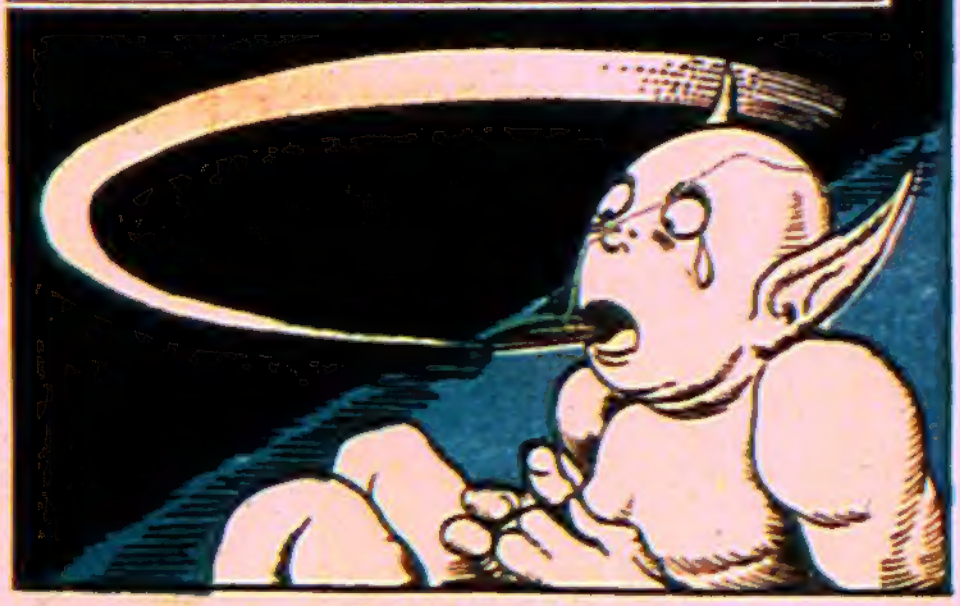
SOMEONE TRIES TO STAMP OUT THE STICKERS, BUT IT DOES NO GOOD. THE TINY CREATURES SCATTER FASTER THAN THE EYE CAN SEE.


SUDDENLY, THEY ATTACK THE GIRL EXPLORER.
HELP! THEY'RE HURTING ME!
ONLY THE RED COMET CAN MOVE AS QUICKLY AS THE STICKERS.
WELL, IF I CAN'T REASON WITH YOU, I'LL USE FORCE!
BUT WITH THEIR GREATER NUMBERS, THE STICKERS OVERPOWER HIM AND PIN HIM TO THE EARTH.
HAH! HAH!
HIDING HIS FEAR, THE GIANT KNEELS AND SWALLOWS THE WHOLE STICKER ARMY.
ONE OF THE GIANTS WATCHES IN HORROR.
I-ILL STOP THEM! I MUST DO SOMETHING!
OH! OWOOH! THEY'RE JABBING ME ALL THE WAY DOWN! I'M DYING!
I'VE GOT TO HELP HIM QUICKLY!
4

A FEW MAGIC GESTURES AND THE RED COMET'S SHIP IS REDUCED TO MINIATURE SIZE.



THE SHIP ZOOMS ABOUT THE GIANT'S HEAD. THE RED COMET HEADS STRAIGHT FOR THE CAVERNOUS MOUTH. . . . . .



STOPPING IN THE GIANT'S DIGESTIVE TRACT, THE RED COMET WHIPS OUT HIS RAY GUN AND AIMS AT THE STICKERS.

UP WE GO BEFORE HE CRUSHES MY SHIP!

OH! HEE HEE HEE!

YOU WERE VERY BRAVE.

TO COMPLETE THE JOB, THE RED COMET SPRAYS THE GIANT'S CAVE WITH POISON, SO THAT NO STICKER WILL EVER ENTER IT AGAIN. .

GOODBYE! THANKS FOR YOUR HELP.

NOW WE HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR!

THESE GIANTS HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR, BUT THE NEXT ADVENTURE OF THE RED COMET HOLDS TERROR AND PERIL ENOUGH TO FILL THE UNIVERSE

Captain NELSON COLE of the Solar Force

By Bernard Baxman Powell

TREACHERY LURKS IN THE COSMIC CLOUDS OF SPACE. A DEMOCRATIC PLANET IS MENACED BY THE "GOLDEN AVENGERS" WHOSE PLANS FOR SPACE CONQUEST MEET THE RESISTANCE OF CAPTAIN COLE OF THE SOLAR FORCE

THE CITIZENS OF MERCURY CROWD THEIR MAGNIFICENT SPACE-PORT, TO VIEW AN ARMADA OF FIGHTING SHIPS.

PRESIDENT LARGO, BELOVED LEADER OF THE MERCURIANS PRESIDES.

A VERY IMPOSING FLEET, MR. PRESIDENT

YES, AND I HOPE WE WILL NOT HAVE TO USE IT, CAPTAIN COLE.

SUDDENLY, A STRANGE GOLDEN CRAFT ZOOMS TOWARD THE PAVILION.

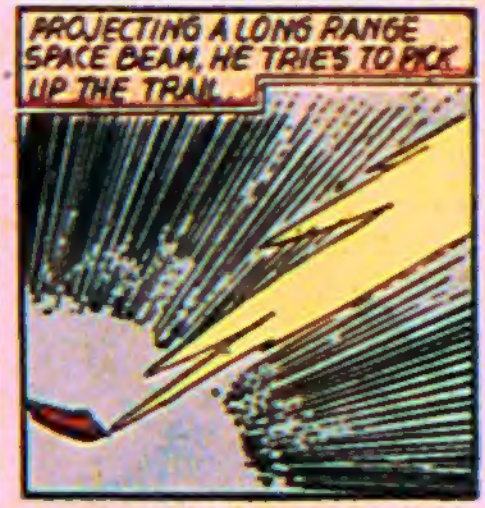
A POWERFUL RAY IS AIMED AT PRESIDENT LARGO. HE IS SAVED BY AN ALERT GUARD WHO INTERCEPTS THE BEAM.

LOOK OUT!

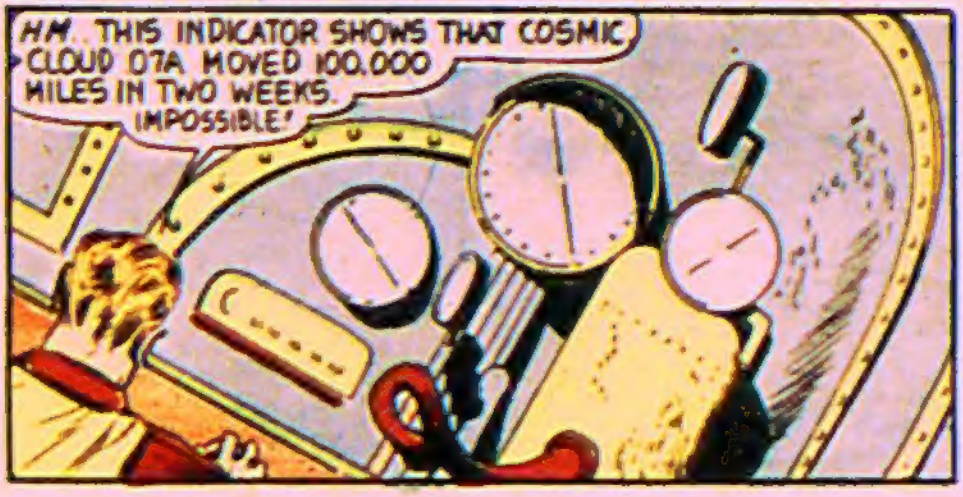
AN ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE ME! WHO?
THAT SHIP BELONGS TO THE "GOLDEN AVENGERS"!
THE GOLDEN AVENGERS" A SMALL BAND OF MILITARISTS PLOT TO OVERTHROW THE PEACEFUL DEMOCRACY OF MERCURY.

IT'S TIME WE PUT THOSE TERRORISTS IN THEIR PLACES!
BUT NO VIOLENCE, COLE. DON'T INVOLVE OUR PEOPLE!

COLE SHOOTS INTO OUTER SPACE. HE SEARCHES FOR THE ASSASSIN'S SHIP.


PROJECTING A LONG RANGE SPACE BEAM, HE TRIES TO PICK UP THE TRAIL.

NOT A SIGN OF IT! STRANGE! IT COULDN'T HAVE GONE THAT FAR IN THIS TIME!

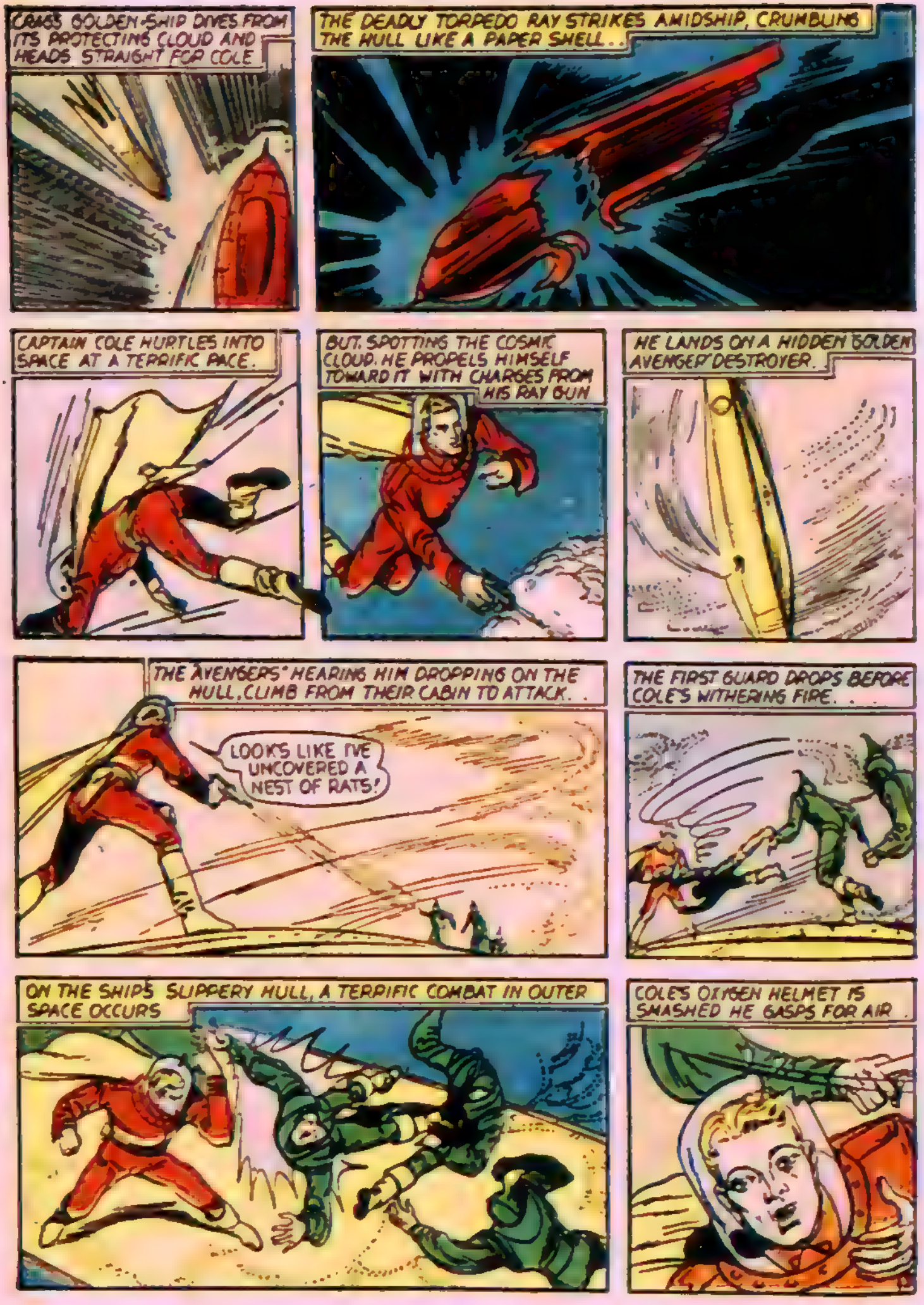

HM. THIS INDICATOR SHOWS THAT COSMIC CLOUD 07A MOVED 100,000 MILES IN TWO WEEKS. IMPOSSIBLE!

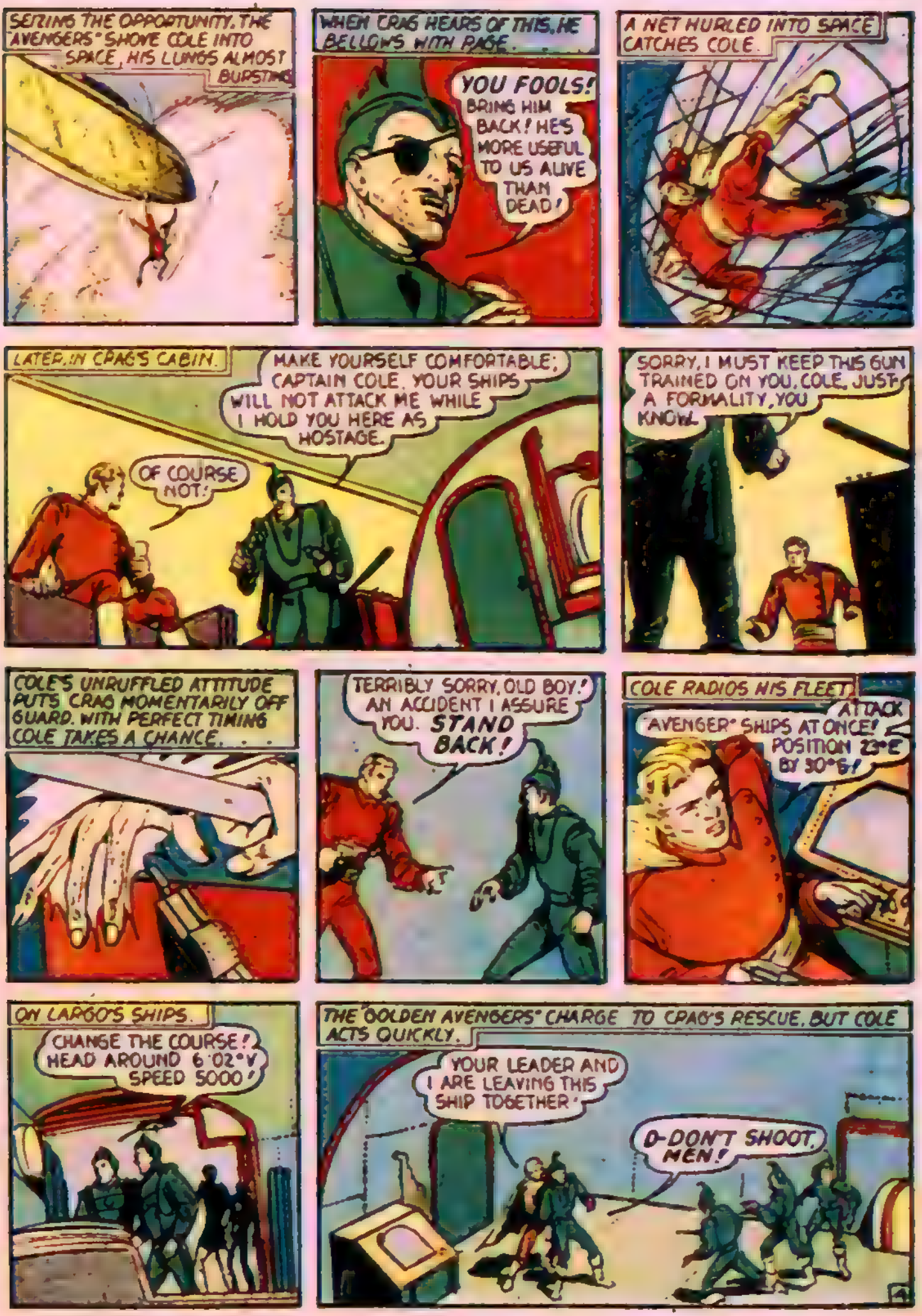
MEANWHILE, CRAG, LEADER OF THE "GOLDEN AVENGERS" LAUGHS
HA! THEY'LL NEVER FIND ME IN MY COSMIC HANGAR!

ON MERCURY, PRESIDENT LARGO ORDERS HIS FLEET TO FOLLOW COLE AND THE AVENGERS.

HA!HA! SEEMS LIKE COLE STILL SEARCHES FOR ME! WELL, HE WON'T COME MUCH CLOSER!

NO SHIP CAN STAND THE "CUTTING" REMARKS OF MY PET TORPEDO RAY!

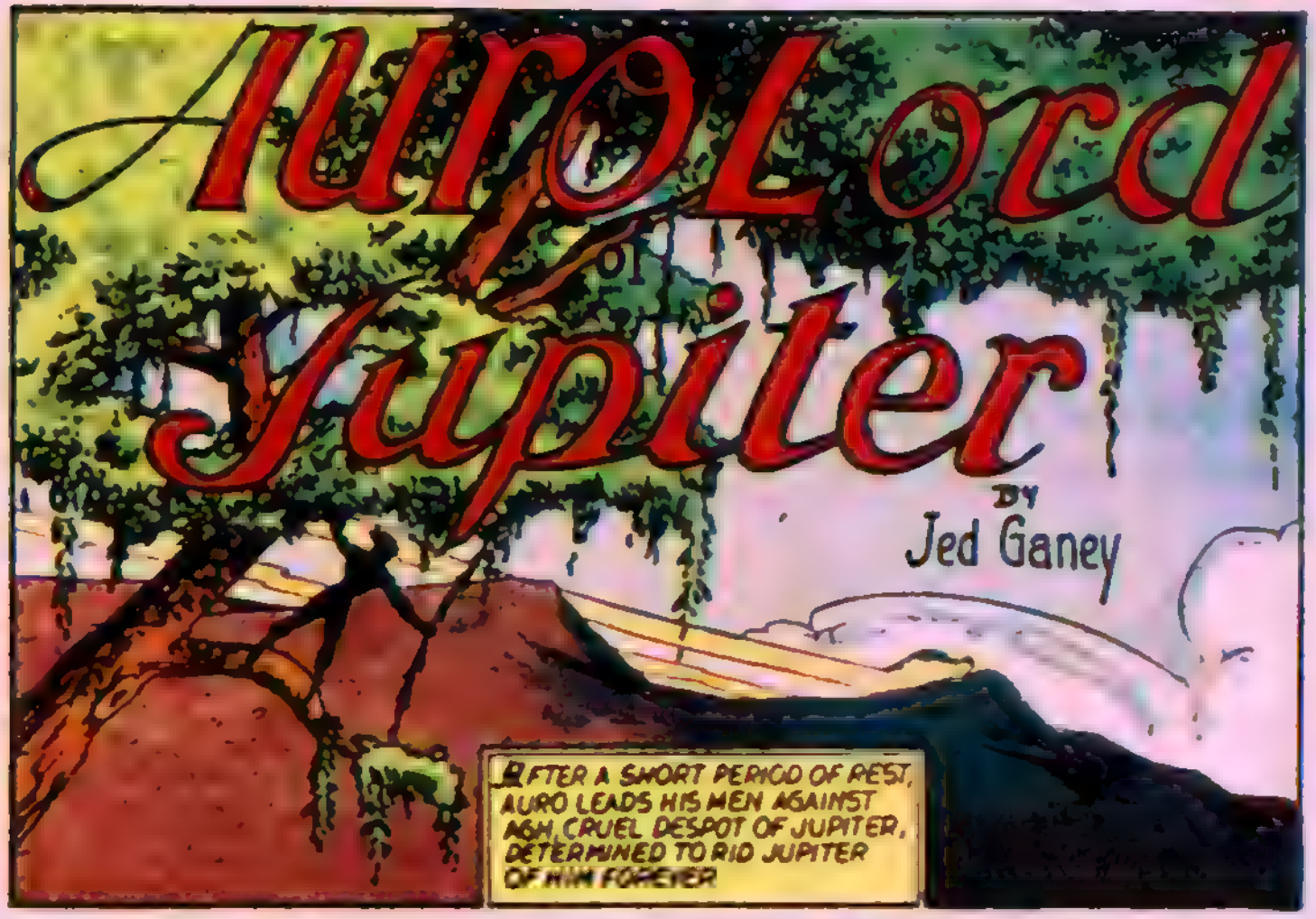

CRAGS GOLDEN SHIP DIVES FROM ITS PROTECTING CLOUD AND HEADS STRAIGHT FOR COLE
THE DEADLY TORPEDO RAY STRIKES AMIDSHIP, CRUMBLING THE HULL LIKE A PAPER SHELL..
CAPTAIN COLE HURTLES INTO SPACE AT A TERRIFIC PACE.
BUT, SPOTTING THE COSMIC CLOUD, HE PROPELS HIMSELF TOWARD IT WITH CHARGES FROM HIS RAY GUN
HE LANDS ON A HIDDEN GOLDEN AVENGER DESTROYER.
THE AVENGERS" HEARING HIM DROPPING ON THE HULL, CLIMB FROM THEIR CABIN TO ATTACK..
LOOKS LIKE I'VE UNCOVERED A NEST OF RATS!
THE FIRST GUARD DROPS BEFORE COLE'S WITHERING FIRE..
ON THE SHIPS SLIPPERY HULL, A TERRIFIC COMBAT IN OUTER SPACE OCCURS
COLE'S OXYGEN HELMET IS SMASHED HE GASPS FOR AIR.

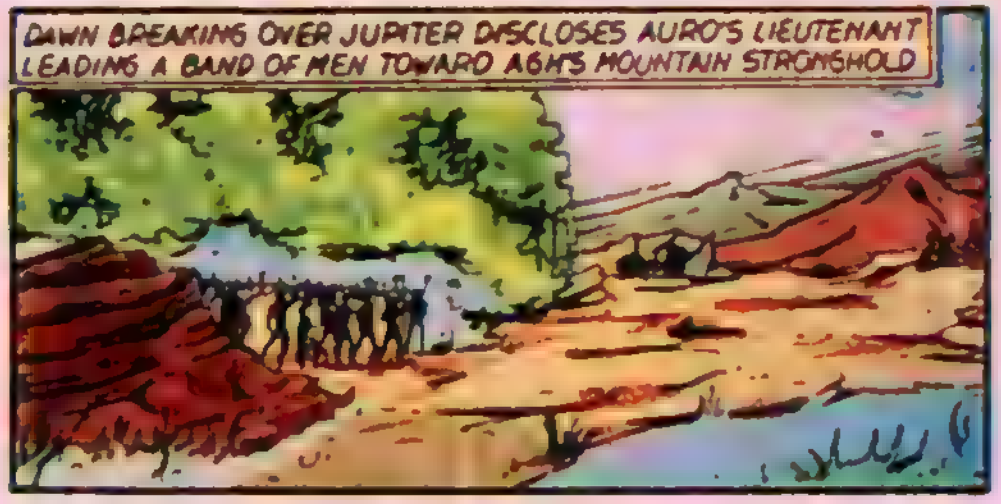

SEIZING THE OPPORTUNITY, THE "AVENGERS" SHOVE COLE INTO SPACE, HIS LUNGS ALMOST BURSTING.
WHEN CRAG HEARS OF THIS, HE BELLOWS WITH RAGE.
YOU FOOLS! BRING HIM BACK! HE'S MORE USEFUL TO US ALIVE THAN DEAD!
A NET HURLED INTO SPACE CATCHES COLE.
LATER, IN CRAG'S CABIN.
MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE, CAPTAIN COLE. YOUR SHIPS WILL NOT ATTACK ME WHILE I HOLD YOU HERE AS HOSTAGE.
OF COURSE NOT!
SORRY, I MUST KEEP THIS GUN TRAINED ON YOU, COLE. JUST A FORMALITY, YOU KNOW.
COLE'S UNRUFFLED ATTITUDE PUTS CRAG MOMENTARILY OFF GUARD. WITH PERFECT TIMING COLE TAKES A CHANCE. . .
TERRIBLY SORRY, OLD BOY! AN ACCIDENT I ASSURE YOU. STAND BACK!
COLE RADIOS HIS FLEET.
ATTACK AVENGER SHIPS AT ONCE! POSITION 23°E BY 30°S!
ON LARGO'S SHIPS.
CHANGE THE COURSE! HEAD AROUND 6°02°V SPEED 5000!
THE GOLDEN AVENGERS CHARGE TO CRAG'S RESCUE, BUT COLE ACTS QUICKLY.
YOUR LEADER AND I ARE LEAVING THIS SHIP TOGETHER!
D-DON'T SHOOT, MEN!

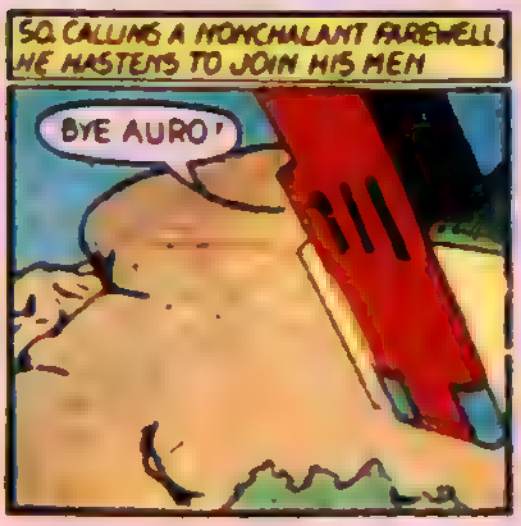
A POWERFUL BLOW SENDS CRAG TO HIS WELL EARNED DOOM
COLE ANSWERS THE AVENGERS' NEXT ATTACK WITH A BLAST OF HIS RAY GUN
CAN PROPEL MYSELF AWAY FROM THE SHIP, BUT HOW LONG WILL MY LUNGS HOLD OUT!
GOOD FORTUNE SENDS HIS FLEET IN VIEW COLE SENDS A RAY SIGNAL
THERE'S CAPTAIN COLE. PICK HIM UP QUICKLY! HE'LL SUFFOCATE OUT THERE!
CAPTAIN! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
I-YES NOW ADVANCE ON THAT "CLOUD"!
THE MERCURIANS SPEED TOWARD THE COSMIC "CLOUD"
FIRE!
THE FLEET OF GOLDEN AVENGERS GOES DOWN UNDER A BARRAGE OF FIERCE DISINTIGRATING RAYS.
GOOD WORK! WE'VE CLEANED THEM ALL UP!
LATER
CAPTAIN NELSON COLE, THIS MEDAL IS BUT A POOR TOKEN TO PROVE OUR GRATITUDE. AND OUR GREAT ESTEEM WHICH WE HOLD FOR YOU
THANK YOU, SIR
A GREAT ADVENTURE AWAITS OUR HERO IN THE NEXT ISSUE...

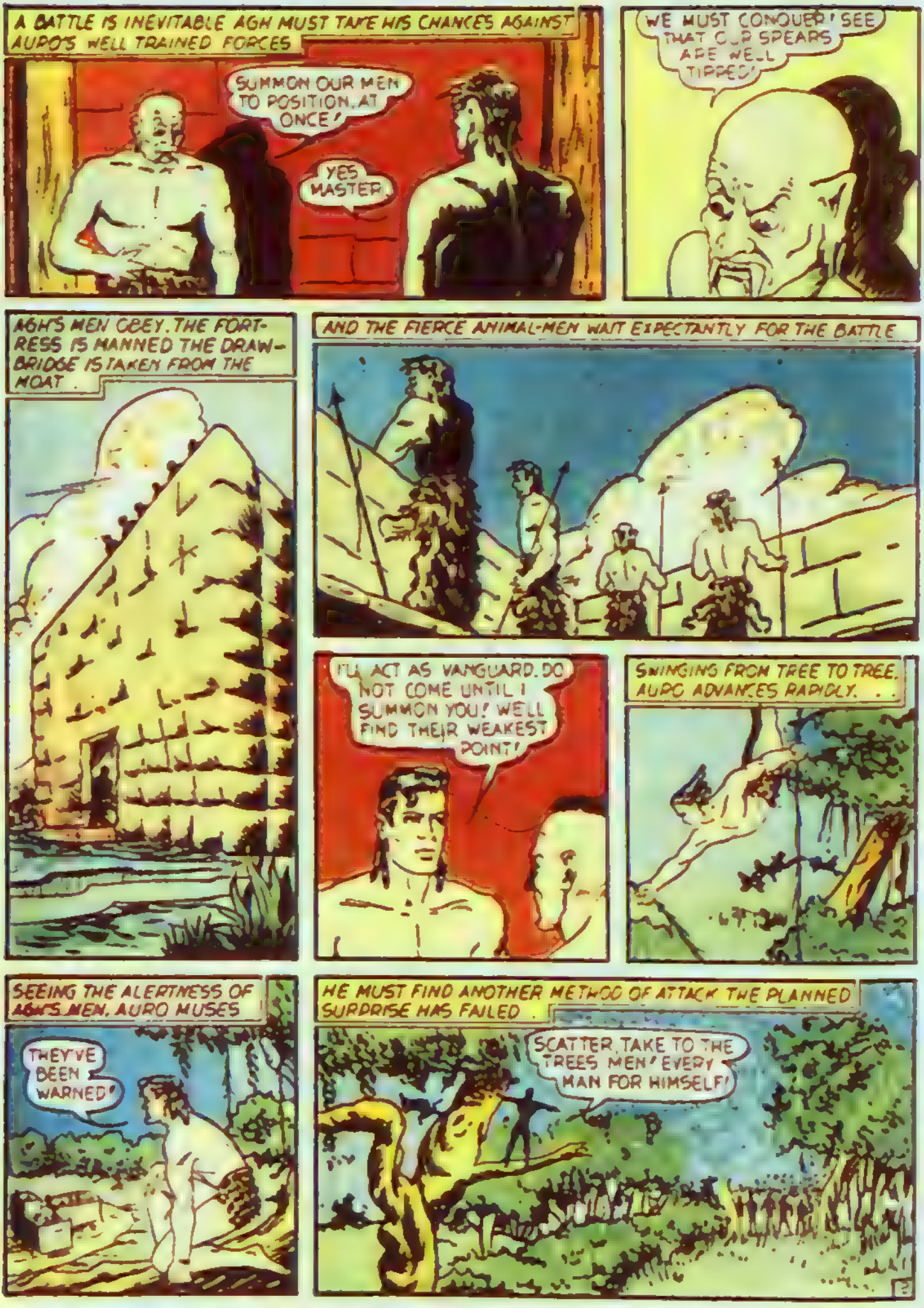
Auro Lord of Jupiter

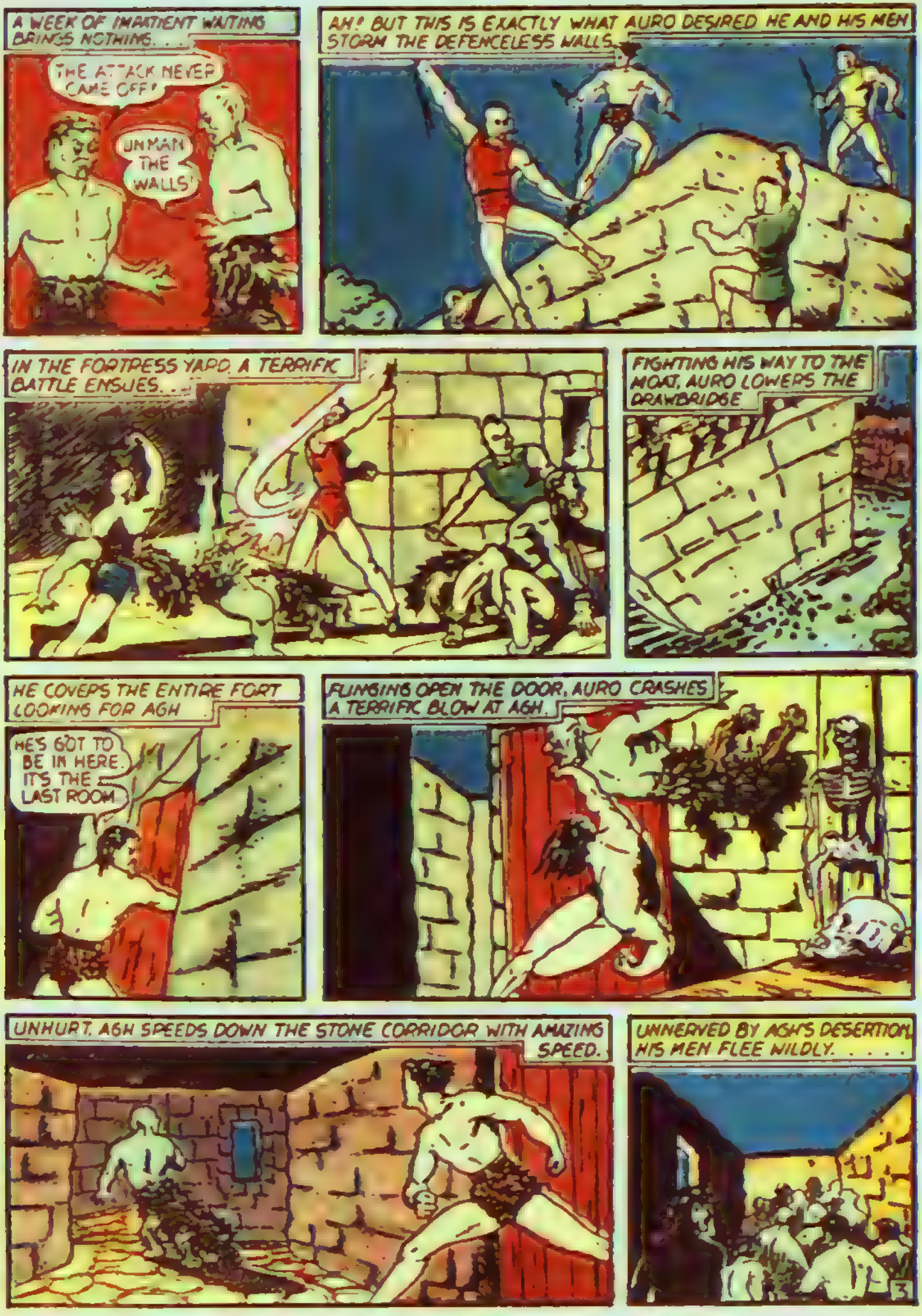
BY Jed Ganey


AFTER A SHORT PERIOD OF REST, AURO LEADS HIS MEN AGAINST AGH, CRUEL DESPOT OF JUPITER, DETERMINED TO RID JUPITER OF HIM FOREVER

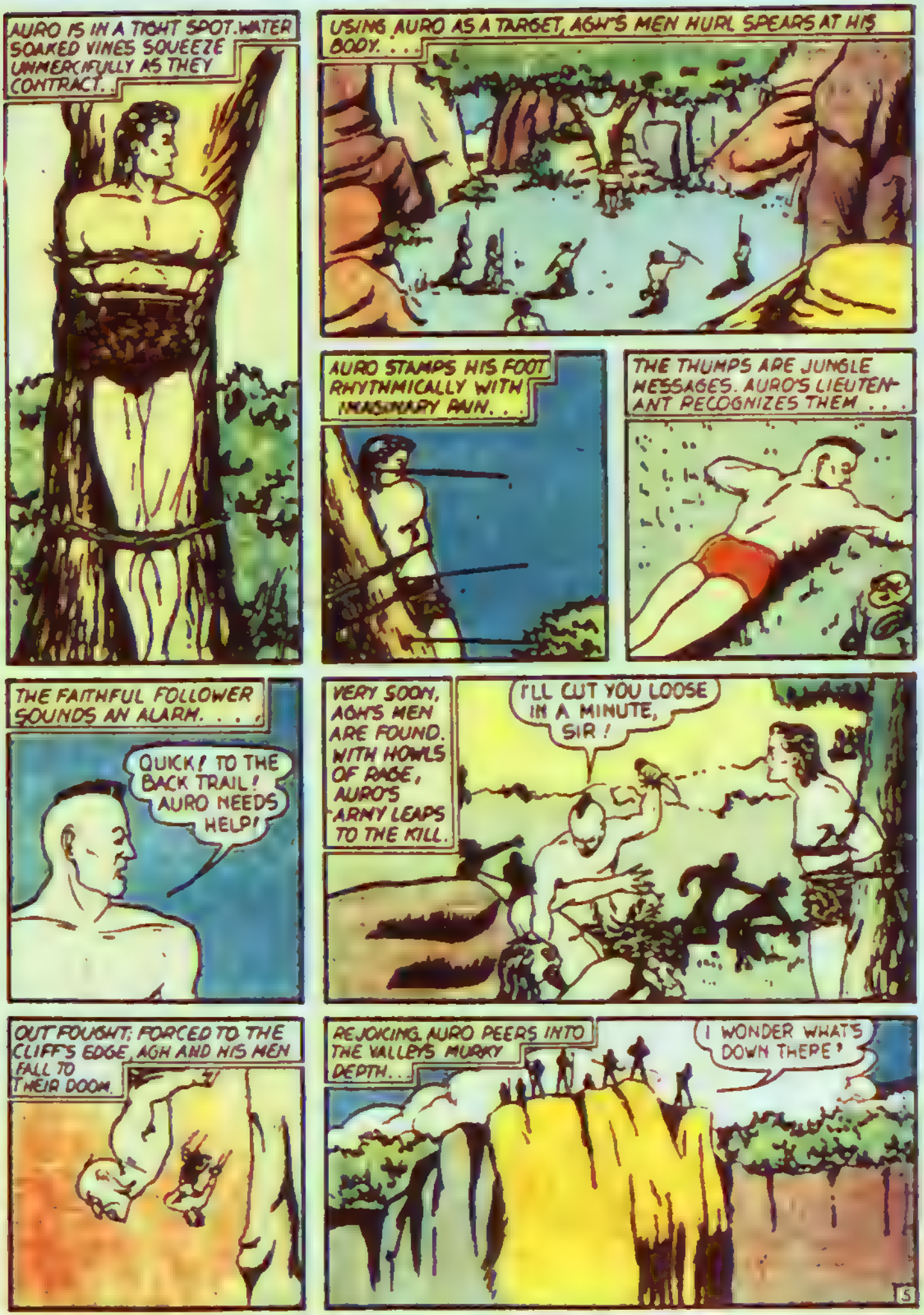





A BATTLE IS INEVITABLE AGH MUST TAKE HIS CHANCES AGAINST AURO'S WELL TRAINED FORCES
SUMMON OUR MEN TO POSITION. AT ONCE!
YES MASTER
WE MUST CONQUER! SEE THAT OUR SPEARS ARE WELL TIPPED!
AGH'S MEN OBEY. THE FORTRESS IS MANNED THE DRAWBRIDGE IS TAKEN FROM THE MOAT.
AND THE FIERCE ANIMAL-MEN WAIT EXPECTANTLY FOR THE BATTLE
I'LL ACT AS VANGUARD. DO NOT COME UNTIL I SUMMON YOU! WE'LL FIND THEIR WEAKEST POINT!
SWINGING FROM TREE TO TREE. AURO ADVANCES RAPIDLY. . .
SEEING THE ALERTNESS OF AGH'S MEN, AURO MUSES
THEY'VE BEEN WARNED!
HE MUST FIND ANOTHER METHOD OF ATTACK THE PLANNED SURPRISE HAS FAILED.
SCATTER, TAKE TO THE TREES MEN! EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF!


A WEEK OF IMPATIENT WAITING BRINGS NOTHING. . .
THE ATTACK NEVER CAME OFF!
UNMAN THE WALLS!
AH! BUT THIS IS EXACTLY WHAT AURO DESIRED HE AND HIS MEN STORM THE DEFENCELESS WALLS.
IN THE FORTRESS YAPO, A TERRIFIC BATTLE ENSUES. . .
FIGHTING HIS WAY TO THE MOAT, AURO LOWERS THE DRAWBRIDGE
HE COVERS THE ENTIRE FORT LOOKING FOR AGH
HE'S GOT TO BE IN HERE. IT'S THE LAST ROOM.
FLINGING OPEN THE DOOR, AURO CRASHES A TERRIFIC BLOW AT AGH.
UNHURT, AGH SPEEDS DOWN THE STONE CORRIDOR WITH AMAZING SPEED.
UNNERVED BY AGH'S DESERTION, HIS MEN FLEE WILDLY. . . .
3

FROM THE ABANDONED FORT, AURO SEES THEM RUNNING TO THE FOREST.
WE'LL SOON ROUT THEM FROM THERE!
OH! HO! LIEUTENANT, COME QUICKLY!
COMING SIR!
SEARCH THE PLACE THOROUGHLY. THEN ASSEMBLE THE MEN!
YES SIR
AFTER THE SEARCH, THE MEN LEAVE TO TRAIL AGH. AURO CONTINUES HIS SEARCH IN THE FORT'S VICINITY. . . .
SURE OF THE FORT'S EMPTINESS, AURO FOLLOWS HIS MEN, LITTLE REALIZING THE DANGER THAT LOOMS AHEAD. . . .
AGH, HIDING AMONG THE ROCKS SEES AURO. . .
NOW I'LL KILL HIM!
A SIXTH SENSE WARNS AURO. HE DODGE AS AGH LEAPS FOR HIS THROAT.
THE NOISE ATTRACTS AGH'S MEN, AND AURO IS SUBDUED BY WEIGHT OF NUMBERS. . .


AURO IS IN A TIGHT SPOT. WATER SOAKED VINES SQUEEZE UNMERCIFULLY AS THEY CONTRACT.
USING AURO AS A TARGET, AGH'S MEN HURL SPEARS AT HIS BODY. . .
AURO STAMPS HIS FOOT RHYTHMICALLY WITH IMAGINARY PAIN. . .
THE THUMPS ARE JUNGLE MESSAGES. AURO'S LIEUTENANT RECOGNIZES THEM . . .
THE FAITHFUL FOLLOWER SOUNDS AN ALARM. . .
QUICK! TO THE BACK TRAIL! AURO NEEDS HELP!
VERY SOON, AGH'S MEN ARE FOUND. WITH HOWLS OF RAGE, AURO'S ARMY LEAPS TO THE KILL.
I'LL CUT YOU LOOSE IN A MINUTE, SIR!
OUT FOUGHT; FORCED TO THE CLIFF'S EDGE, AGH AND HIS MEN FALL TO THEIR DOOM.
REJOICING, AURO PEERS INTO THE VALLEY'S MURKY DEPTH. . .
I WONDER WHAT'S DOWN THERE?
15

SPURT HAMMOND and THE ROCKMEN OF JUPITER

CAPTAIN SPURT HAMMOND, PILOT OF AN INTERPLANETARY TRANSPORT ROCKET, IS CALLED BEFORE THE PRESIDENT OF EARTH TO RECEIVE AN IMPORTANT ASSIGNMENT.

CAPTAIN HAMMOND, YOU WILL CONDUCT A NUMBER OF GOOD WILL ENVOYS ON AN INTERPLANETARY TOUR. YOUR PASSENGERS ARE WAITING IN YOUR SHIP!

UPON SEEING THE ENVOYS, SPURT IS NOT TOO PLEASED.

UNTIL..

HELLO, CAPTAIN. I'M MARY JOYCE. I AM IN CHARGE OF THESE BOYS.

GOSH, MARY, I'M SURE GLAD YOU'RE HERE. ER TO HANDLE THE KIDS OF COURSE!

AT THE DIPLOMATIC RECEPTION ON JUPITER THE ENVOYS OFFER A PEACE PACT TO THE KING. . . . . .
AND NOW, THE FREEDOM OF THE PLANET IS YOURS!
THIS IS THE CAVE OF THE ROCK-MEN, THE ORIGINAL FOLK OF JUPITER. THEY HAVE LONG BEEN EXTINCT, BUT BACK IN THE YEAR 2018. . . .
THE FIRST EARTH-MEN, UNDER COMMANDER PARY, LANDED AN EXPEDI-TION ON JUPITER. . .
PARY WAS KILLED!
THE ROCKMEN ATTACKED THEM. . .
ONLY ONE SUR-VIVOR MANAGED TO ESCAPE!
2

THAT WAS OVER FIVE HUNDRED YEARS AGO. NOW THERE ARE NO ROCKMEN. COME ON, BOYS!
LEAVE YOUR KNAPSACKS HERE. WHILE YOU'RE GONE, I'LL PREPARE LUNCH
WELL, WE HAVE PLENTY OF SALT!
BUT SPURT WAS MISTAKEN. SOME ROCKMEN HAVE SURVIVED DEEP IN THE GLOOMY CAVERNS. . . .
EEEEEEEE
HELP!
THAT'S MARY'S VOICE!
AS SHE IS CARRIED OFF, MARY CLUTCHES THE SALT SHAKER, LEAVING A TRAIL OF SALT BEHIND.
FOLLOW ME BOYS. QUICK!
THERE'S BEEN A STRUGGLE HERE! MARY'S BEEN KIDNAPPED
3

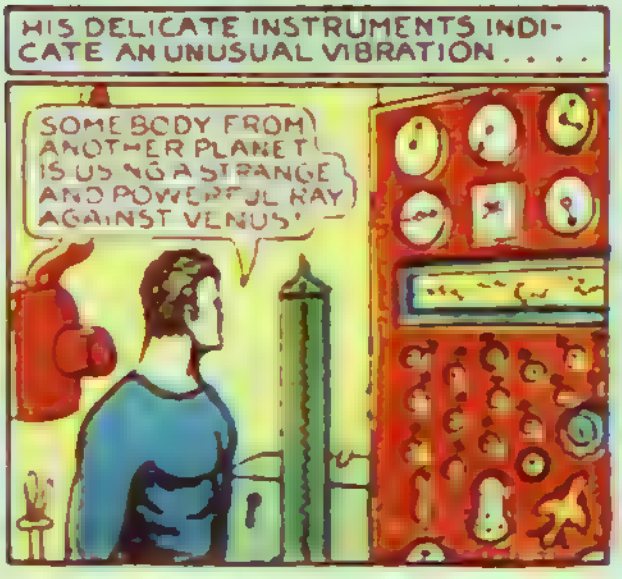
SPURT, LOOK, A TRAIL OF SALT!
I'LL FOLLOW IT! YOU BOYS GO FOR THE DISINTEGRATOR CANNON THEN FOLLOW THE TRAIL AFTER ME!
THE ROCKMEN CANNOT WITHSTAND THE MELTING RAYS OF SPURT'S RAY PISTOL..
THEY DEVISE A NEW METHOD OF ATTACK
THROWING PEBBLES ARE THEY! I'LL STOP 'EM!
IN THE ROCK LORD'S CAVE.
HERE IS A HUMAN! CAPTIVE
GOOD! WE NEED NOT GUARD HER SHE CAN'T GET BACK.
THAT'S WHAT HE THINKS! I'LL FOLLOW MY SALT TRAIL BACK.
SPURT DISPOSES OF HIS FOES AND GOES ON AFTER MARY . . .

THEY MEET ON THE ROCK BRIDGE LEADING TO THE CAVE LAND OF THE ROCK MEN.
WHO ARE CLOSE ON MARY'S HEELS, MAKING IT IMPOSSIBLE TO SHOOT WITHOUT HURTING HER.
UNTIL THE BOYS APPEAR WITH THE DISINTIGRATOR CANNON. SPURT SUBDUES THE ROCK MEN.
...THE BOYS BLAST THE BRIDGE IN HALF!
YOU SAVED US BOTH, BOYS AND CUT OFF THE ROCK MEN COMPLETELY!
THAT WAS JUST JUST TOO CLOSE!
A GRATEFUL KING SEES THEM OFF TO THE NEXT LAP OF THEIR TOUR.
WE SHALL EDUCATE THE ROCK MEN. THEY WILL BECOME GOOD CITIZENS. YOU WAIT AND SEE!
WHAT FURTHER ADVENTURES BEFALL SPURT HAMMOND IN THE NEXT ISSUE? WHAT MYSTERIOUS FORCE CAUSES SPURT TO HAVE HIS MOST HAZARDOUS ADVENTURE?
5

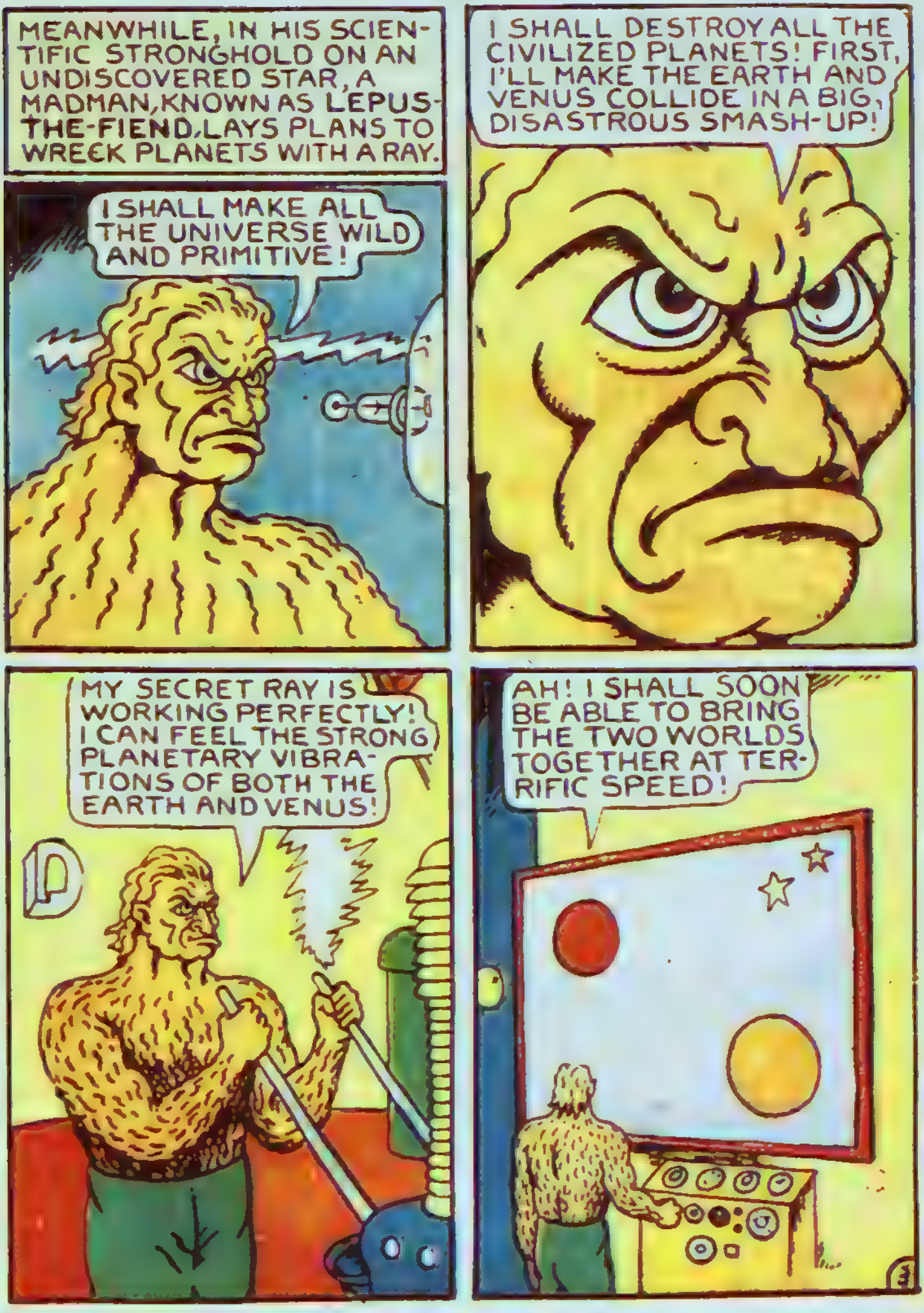
Buzz Crandall of the SPACE PATROL

By Bob Jordan.

BUZZ CRANDALL LIVES ON THE HIGHLY CIVILIZED PLANET OF VENUS, AND IS IN CHARGE OF THE INTER-PLANETARY SECRET SERVICE FOR BOTH VENUS AND THE EARTH. HE HAS BECOME THE TOP CRIME-BUSTER OF THE UNIVERSE . . . .


HIS DELICATE INSTRUMENTS INDICATE AN UNUSUAL VIBRATION . . . .
SOMEBODY FROM ANOTHER PLANET IS USING A STRANGE AND POWERFUL RAY AGAINST VENUS!

SANDRA HALE IS BUZZ CRANDALL'S CHIEF ASSISTANT ON THE EARTH.
WHAT SHALL I DO, BUZZ? THE EARTH IS SUFFERING VERY VIOLENT SHOCKS! THE WHOLE PLANET IS BEING AFFECTED BY SOME OUTSIDE FORCE!
THE SAME THING IS HAPPENING TO VENUS, SANDRA!! YOU'D BETTER GO OUT AND SCOUT AROUND AND CHECK THE DIRECTION FROM WHICH THE POWER RAY IS COMING!
KEEP YOUR BOARD CLEAR AND KEEP IN CONTACT WITH ME! I'M GOING OUT IN MY SUPER-CRUISER RIGGED WITH AN INTERPLANETARY GUN!
SANDRA SOON LEAVES THE EARTH IN HER SCOUT-SHIP.
2


MEANWHILE, IN HIS SCIENTIFIC STRONGHOLD ON AN UNDISCOVERED STAR, A MADMAN, KNOWN AS LEPUS-THE-FIEND, LAYS PLANS TO WRECK PLANETS WITH A RAY.
I SHALL MAKE ALL THE UNIVERSE WILD AND PRIMITIVE!
I SHALL DESTROY ALL THE CIVILIZED PLANETS! FIRST, I'LL MAKE THE EARTH AND VENUS COLLIDE IN A BIG, DISASTROUS SMASH-UP!
MY SECRET RAY IS WORKING PERFECTLY! I CAN FEEL THE STRONG PLANETARY VIBRATIONS OF BOTH THE EARTH AND VENUS!
AH! I SHALL SOON BE ABLE TO BRING THE TWO WORLDS TOGETHER AT TERRIFIC SPEED!

CRANDALL TALKS TO SANDRA...

I HAVE LOCATED THE GENERAL DIRECTION FROM WHICH THE RAY IS COMING, BUT I CAN'T CHECK THE PLANET!

IT'S GETTING STRONGER! I CAN HARDLY CONTROL MY SHIP!

LEPUS-THE-FIEND PICKS UP THEIR CONVERSATION..

SO THE INTERPLANETARY SECRET SERVICE IS AFTER ME, EH? WELL, I'LL FIX THEM!

SUDDENLY, SANDRA'S SWITCH BOARD GOES OUT OF ORDER.

OH-H!

THEN SANDRA LOSES CONTROL OF HER SHIP.

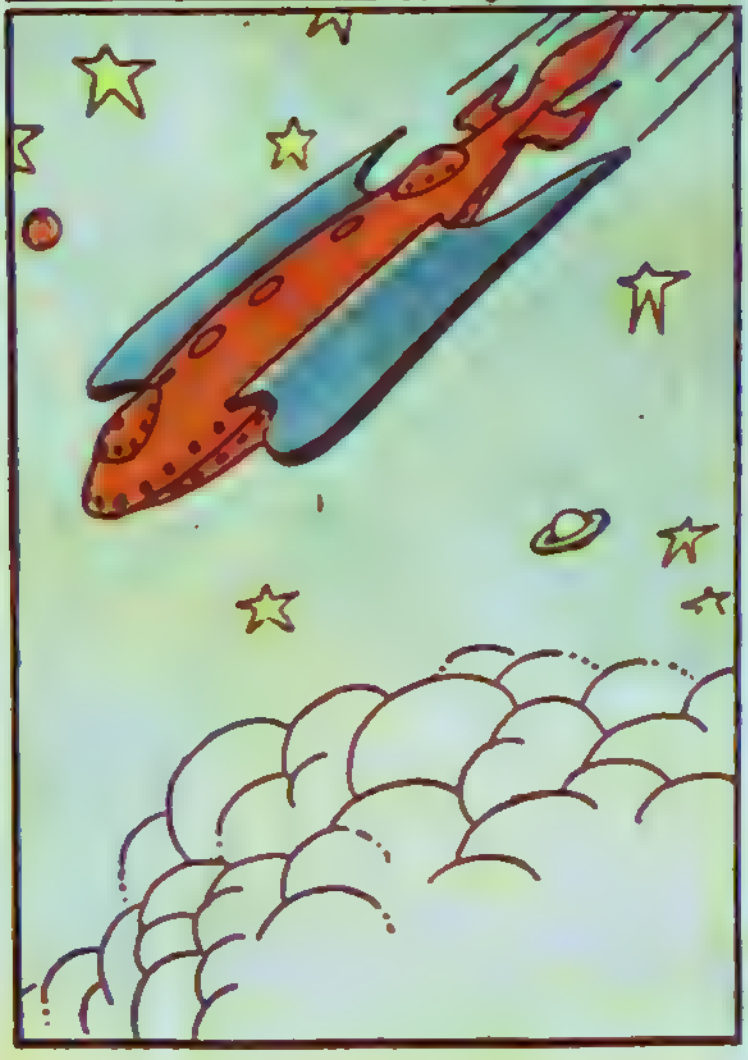
AS SHE ZIG-ZAGS THROUGH SPACE, SHE BECOMES UN-CONSCIOUS.....

AH! I HAVE ONE OF THEM IN MY POWER!

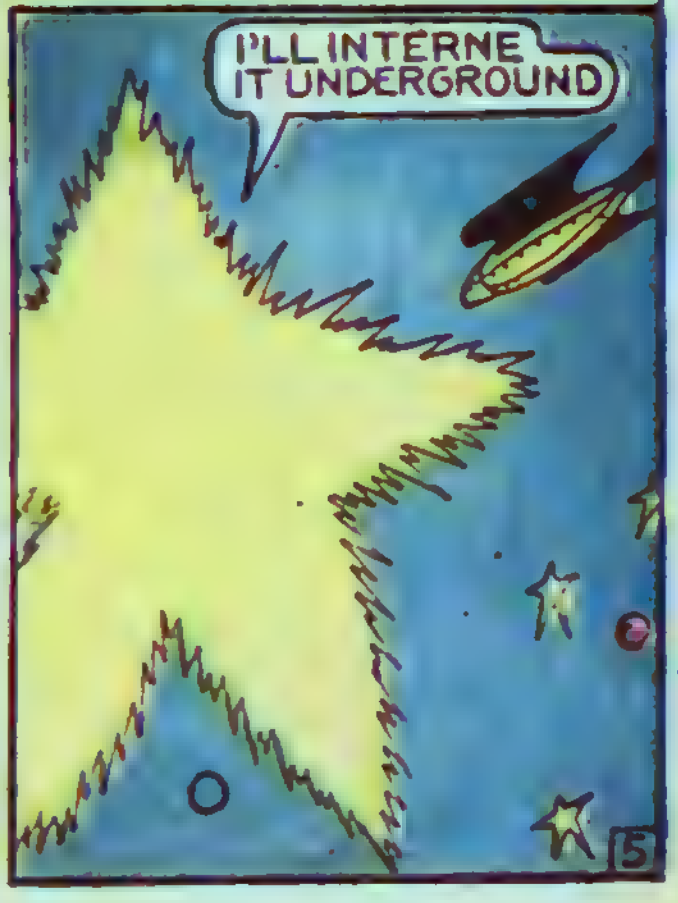
AT TERRIFIC SPEED, SANDRA'S HELPLESS SHIP IS DRAWN TO THE STAR WHERE LEPUS IS OPERATING HIS RAY APPARATUS.....

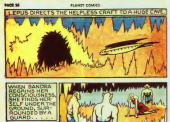
CRANDALL, REALIZING THAT SOMETHING WRONG HAS HAPPENED TO LONE SANDRA, PICKS UP HER COURSE ON HIS FINDER.

TRAVELING ON ACCELERATED LIGHT WAVES, HIS RAY-PROOF CRUISER DARTS IN PURSUIT OF SANDRA'S SHIP. . . . .



SANDRA'S SHIP IS NOW NEAR THE STAR. . . . . .




A FEW MINUTES TIME HE HAS EXCEEDED LIMITATIONS!
WHEN SANDRA RETURNS TO CONSCIOUSNESS SHE FINDS HER SELF IN A DARK CAVERN, SURROUNDED BY A CAMPFIRE.
AT LAST HIS INSTRUMENTS SHOW HER TO BE ON EARTH AND HE HEADS FOR THE CAVE
"RANDELL" HAS LOCATED THE TIME MACHINE HE IS TURNING IN FINDERS FOR SANDRA

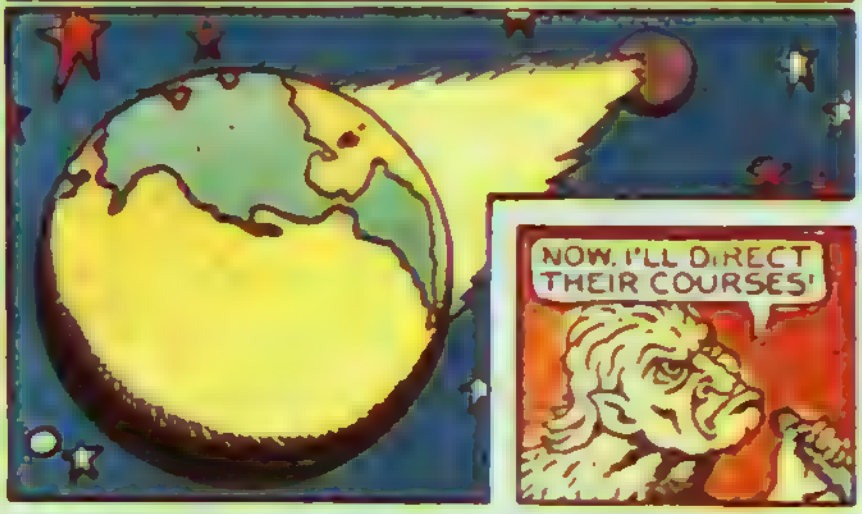
BUZZ CRANDALL ENTERS AT HIGH SPEED.
HE STOPS SUDDENLY ALONGSIDE SANDRA...
BUZZ!
QUICK, SANDRA, GET IN MY SHIP!
AS THE STARTLED GUARDS TRY TO STOP HER!...
SOCK!
BIFF!
BANG!
COME ON, BUZZ!!
WE MUST FIND THE MADMAN WHO IS USING THOSE RAYS!
THEY ESCAPE FROM THE CAVE AND PREPARE TO FIND LEPUS.
I'LL DEMOLISH HIS OUTFIT WITH MY RAPID-FIRE, INTERPLANETARY GUN!

MEANWHILE, UNDER THE FORCE OF THE FIEND'S SECRET RAY, GREAT PLANETARY CHANGES ARE TAKING PLACE . . . . .

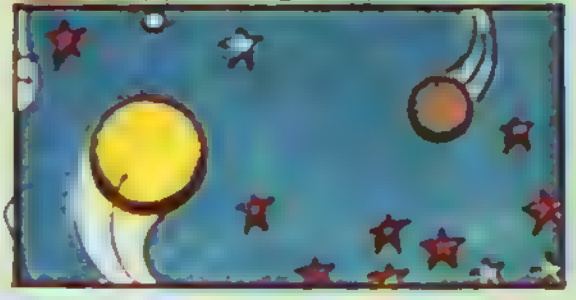
ON THE EARTH, THE TEMPERATURE ALL OVER THE GLOBE HAS BECOME BELOW ZERO, AND THE DAYS AND NIGHTS LAST ONLY A FEW MINUTES. AS THE PLANET TREMBLES AND ROCKS, THE PANIC-STRICKEN PEOPLE OF THE CITIES RUSH INTO THE COUNTRY . . . . .

LEPUS, THE FIEND, TURNS ON FULL POWER . . . . . .

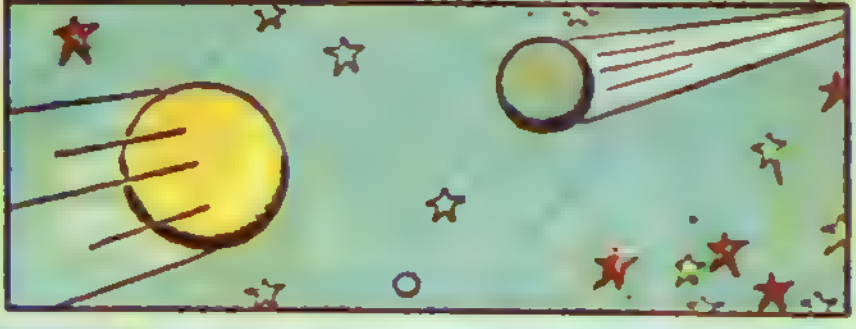
VENUS AND THE EARTH SEEM TO BE SUDDENLY ATTRACTED TO EACH OTHER . . . . . .



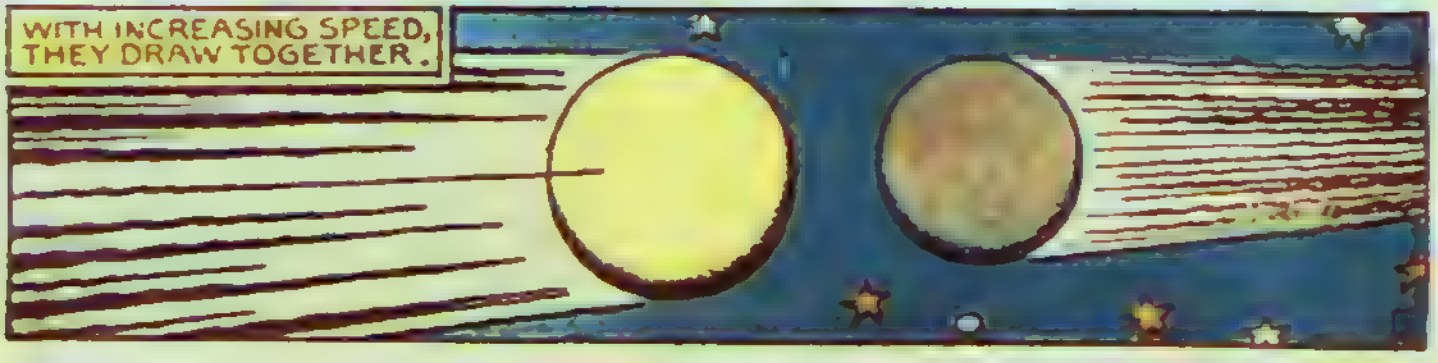
PEOPLE PERISH BY THE THOUSANDS AS THE TWO PLANETS LEAVE THEIR ORBITS . . . .



WITH A VIOLENT BURST OF SPEED, THEY BEGIN HEADING FOR EACH OTHER . . . . . .



WITH INCREASING SPEED, THEY DRAW TOGETHER.



BUT THE FIEND HAD MADE A MISTAKE IN HIS CALCULATIONS, AND THE EARTH AND VENUS PASS BY EACH OTHER . . . .

I MUST TRY IT AGAIN!

MEANWHILE, CRANDALL AND SANDRA LOCATE THE FIEND'S SECRET LABORATORY AND STRONGHOLD.

I'LL GET THE GUN READY!

THE POWERFUL INTER-PLANETARY GUN SWINGS INTO PLACE, AND "WHIRLWIND" ADJUSTS THE SIGHTS . . . . . .

GET SET, SANDRA!

A PERFECT HIT!

THE SCIENTIFIC STRONGHOLD CRUMBLES TO RUIN.

AND AT THE SAME INSTANT, THE EARTH AND VENUS BEGIN RETURNING TO THEIR NORMAL ORBITS . .

LOOK AT THE VIEW-PLATE, SANDRA. HE IS DEAD!

ANOTHER EXCITING ADVENTURE OF BUZZ CRANDALL IN THE NEXT ISSUE

Caught in a terrific time-warp, Capt. Dexter Ames and his gallant space-ship crew turn their ray-rifles on the shaggy Hun-hordes of Attila.

LOST WORLD OF TIME

By LIN DAVIES

CAPTAIN DEXTER AMES, biting his lip, stood straddle-legged in the control cabin of the space ship Discoverer, facing his chief engineer. Beside him, pale of face, the second in command of the Earth expedition, little Doctor Phillips, ran a trembling hand over his brow.

"You are sure," Ames asked Engineer Morgan, "that our motors must be repaired before we can try to return to Earth."

The engineer nodded. "The pirate's blasting shells wrecked our batteries. We can reach a planet by careful use of the motors, and if the atmosphere is favorable we can soon make repairs."

Ames nodded. "Give us what speed you can." Another nod dismissed the engineer, and Ames turned to Phillips. The little scientist was already poring over the stellar chart. He looked up suddenly.

"This is strange," he exclaimed. "The chart is vague about this corner of the heavens. But the asteroid Medona lies yonder."

"Let us make for it, then." Ames spoke through the tube, and heard Morgan's grunt. He gave the course to the helmsman, and the space ship swung, awkwardly, like a crippled thing, on her new course.

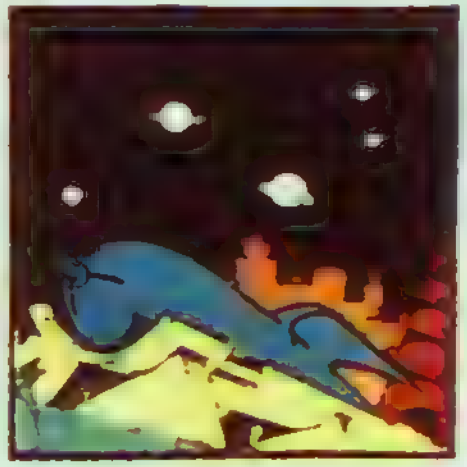
As it hurtled through space a strange feeling came over Ames. Halfway to Medona, he began to sense a mystery in their surroundings. He was pacing the deck when the lookout cried out in alarm. "Planet ahead, sir!"

"Nonsense!" snapped Ames. "Medona is—"

"It isn't Medona, sir," stammered the lookout, stupified. It's Earth!"

"Earth!" repeated Ames. "Why, man, Earth is two million miles away!"

For answer the lookout stepped away from the great telescope, and Ames took his place. He took one look, gasped, and shouted to Morgan, "Reduce speed!"



Phillips ran up. Ames waved him to the telescope. The scientist squinted through the great quartzite lenses, and his jaw fell.

"Earth!" he muttered.

"Are we all drunk, Doctor?" asked Ames, smiling for the benefit of the terrified lookout. Panic would sweep the ship, he knew, if this evidence of some strange doom were to be followed by similar disclosures.

Phillips was blinking rapidly, thinking hard. "Ames," he said solemnly, "can you stand a shock?"

"Try me," grinned Ames. He winked at Phillips, indicating that the lookout should not hear.

Phillips lowered his voice, but the lowered tones could not hide his excitement. "It is Earth, Ames, but not the Earth of our time! It is Earth of some other day! We have slipped past a time-warp!"

AMES nodded slowly, his eyes widening. "So that's it!" He glanced ahead where the planet was still invisible to the naked eye. "What time period, then?"

"Ah, that we'll know when we land," countered Phillips. "If," he added hopefully, "we are to land."

They swept down to see a vast range of mountains, snow-peaked. The Alps, Phillips thought. They turned south, and found the land stretching away in a plain, cut by winding rivers. They swept lower, and could make out a vast army, moving southward.

"There are beasts, and men," murmured Phillips.

"An army," prompted Ames.

Phillips nodded.

"No need to land among them, Ames declared. "We'll go farther south."

But as they cruised, more armed columns appeared. Then they saw the first sign of pitched battle. The army streaming south was overwhelming the defenders of the land. They swept still farther south, and Ames gave the order to land.

The Discoverer slid to a landing in a flat valley, where a bright sun gleamed on white walls. A fort lay at the far end of the valley, and scattered houses dotted the ground near them.

"Italy!" cried Phillips.

"The Roman Empire!" added Ames. He ordered a landing party to arm. The great doors rolled back, and he stepped forth from the hull of the Discoverer. Behind him came Gunner Hatch and twenty Earth-men armed with ray-rifles. They moved to a well-paved road, and cautiously moved toward the town under the fort's walls.

Suddenly from a declivity in the land a javelin whistled. It struck Ames' helmet, and glanced off. The Earth-men raised their rifles.

"Don't fire!" Ames warned. He raised his voice, first in English, then in Latin, the tongue of the old Romans. "Ho! We come in friendship!"

Instantly a head appeared above the stonework. Sun glinted on a bronze helmet of the sort that Ceasar's centurions wore. "Speak, if you are a friend!" the strange officer growled.

Hatch muttered a warning. But Ames stepped forward alone. He saw the centurion was supported by a mere score of soldiers, all in the helmet and breastplate of the old Romans. Short swords and spears and shields were their armament.

"Who attacks you?" asked Ames.

The centurion growled, and his men muttered in astonishment. "All the world knows," cried the centurion, "that Attila the Hun rides on Rome."

Then Ames knew. This was the time into which the Discoverer had flown!

"LET us aid you against Attila," he urged.

The centurion looked doubtfully at the space ship. "You are demons?" he asked at last.

"Not we," Ames assured him. He made no effort to explain the magic of flight to this grizzled veteran of old Rome. "Where is the Hun advance guard?"

"Not more than a league away," responded the centurion. He pointed. "They will march into sight in one turn of the hour-glass. We cannot hope to hold the valley but we must fight to the last."

"Then," decided Ames, "we shall help you." He wheeled and shouted orders to Morgan to begin repairs.

The Romans marveled as more men poured out of the great hull and began to bore into the motor compartment. In an hour the sound of trumpets was heard. The centurion was looking askance at Ames, as if to remind him of his promise.

Ames pointed to his men. "Let us march ahead," he proposed. "We will meet Attila's scouts."

The centurion nodded. "Let there be no treachery," he warned darkly.

Ames nodded, gave a command, and the twenty men of the Earth of the new day set out to battle for the Earth of an ancient century. They met Attila's advance in full view of the fort and town.

FIRST came shaggy ponies, carrying bearded giants in helmets crowned with cow's horns. They spurred when they sighted the little party. The Earth-men waited, undismayed by marveling at the long swords high in air, and listening to the wild cries. The Huns charged.

The ray-rifles spoke. The Huns tumbled from their saddles, five, ten at a time. Twenty fell as if struck with one blow. The rearmost Huns pulled up. They retreated.

"By Jove!" cried the centurion when he had run up. "You fight like demons, whoever you may be!" He embraced Ames. "The Emperor will surely make you a prince. Look!—the commander is coming to give you thanks!"

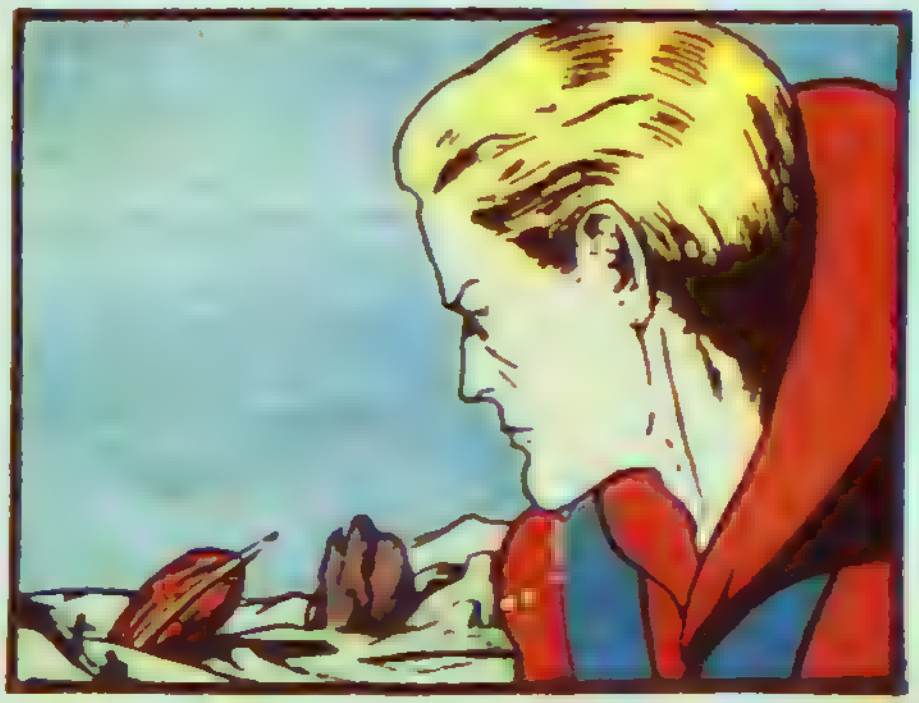
Sure enough, a glittering procession was issuing from the fort. But at that moment Morgan came up. "Repairs are made, sir," he said simply.

So Ames turned with regret to the centurion. "We must go."

"How now? Go?" the centurion was offended.

"It is duty," Ames explained.

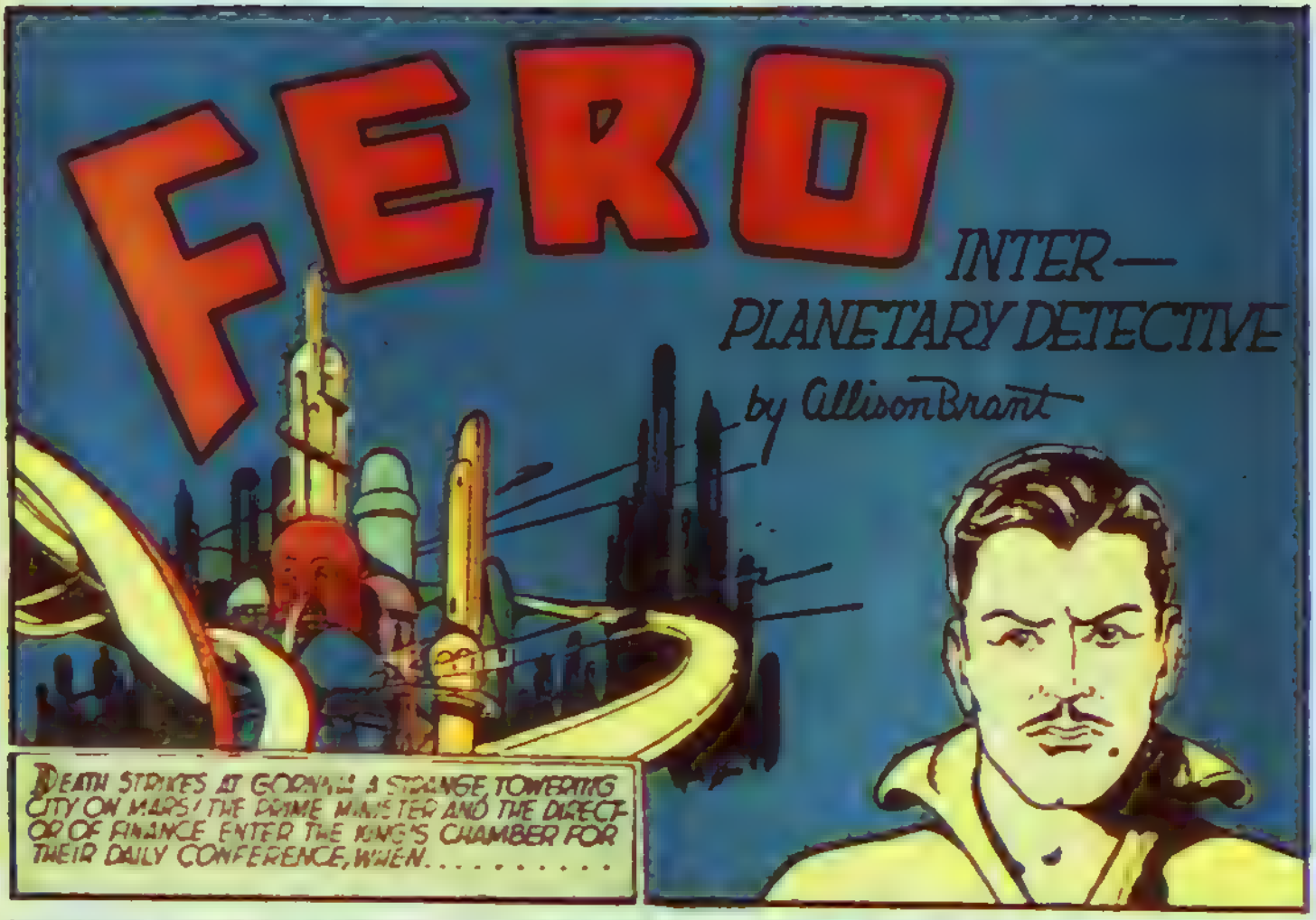
"Oho! That is another thing," the centurion admitted. And he stepped aside to permit Ames and his men to embark once again for Earth.

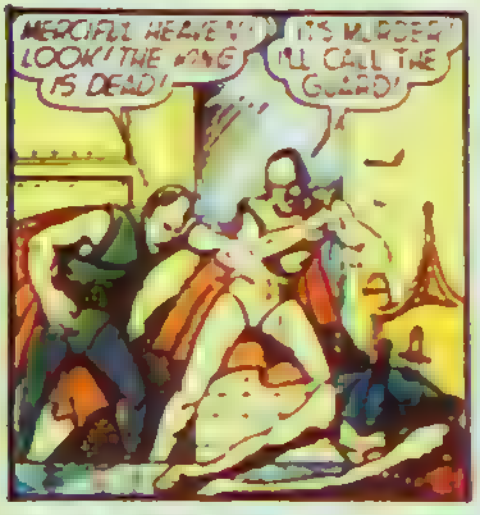


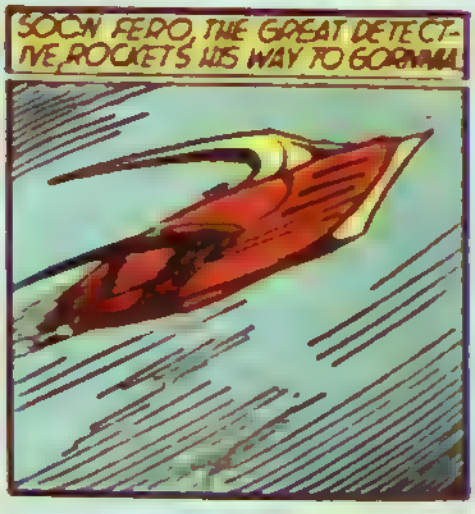
FERO

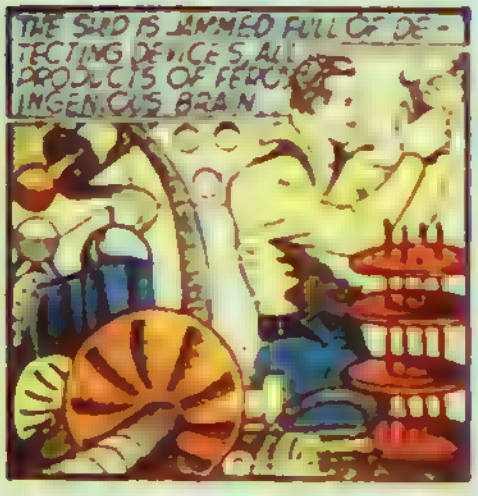
INTER— PLANETARY DETECTIVE

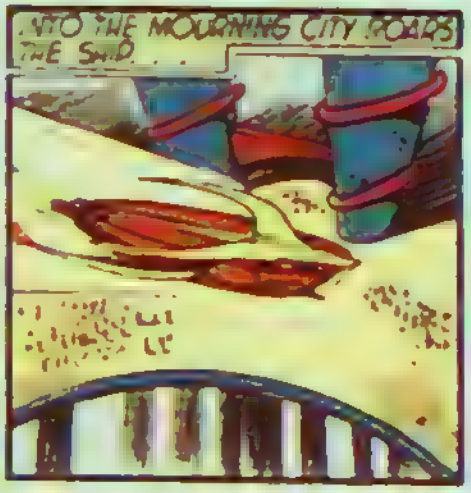
by Allison Brant


DEATH STRIKES AT GORMAA! A STRANGE, TOWERING CITY ON MARS! THE PRIME MINISTER AND THE DIRECTOR OF FINANCE ENTER THE KING'S CHAMBER FOR THEIR DAILY CONFERENCE, WHEN.....









FERO SETS UP HIS PROJECTION MACHINE ON THE SCREEN FLASH IMAGES OF RECENT EVENTS WHICH ARE CAUGHT BY THE MACHINE IN THE FORM OF LIGHT WAVES
THIS IS VERY INTERESTING! I WONDER IF HE CAN SHOW ANYTHING IMPORTANT.... ANYTHING REALLY IMPORTANT!
AH! SOMETHING IMPORTANT DOES SHOW... IT IS THE KING!
BY ADJUSTING THE MACHINE FERO SHOWS SOMETHING MORE... A SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER, WHO...
MARVELOUS THE KING! NO SOUND IS RECORDED BUT THE KING SEEMS TO RECOGNIZE HIS ASSASSIN...
THE TREACHEROUS STRANGER FLEES!
JUST AS HE STARTS TO LOWER HIS MASK.....
THE DOOMED MAN STEP STUMBLES, KNOCKING OVER THE MACHINE AND DESTROYING THE IMAGE!
OH! HOW CLUMSY OF ME!
WHA-?
HE IS ACCUSED OF DELIBERATELY UP SETTING THE MACHINE HE IS CALLED A MURDERER!
THAT MAY OR MAY NOT HAVE BEEN AN ACCIDENT BUT THE KING LOOKED AS IF HE KNEW WHO KILLED HIM! LOOK AT THE BODY AGAIN

PLEASE BE PATIENT! THE MURDERER WILL NOT GO FREE, I ASSURE YOU!
GIVEN SPECIAL PERMISSION FERO DISSECTS THE KING'S BRAIN AFTER BOMBARDING THE TISSUE WITH ELECTRIC RAYS HE MAKES A NEGATIVE!
HMM! THIS FELLOW IS FAMILIAR!
A PHOTOGRAPHED PRINT FROM NEGATIVE DEFINITE AND UNDENIABLE PROOF
A GUARD BURSTING INTO THE ROOM UPSETS HIM...
THE PRIME MINISTER HAS DISAPPEARED!
WHAT?
AGAIN, FERO MAKES USE OF ONE OF HIS DEVICES BEFORE A MECHANICAL BLOODHOUND, HE PASSES A BIT OF THE PRIME MINISTER'S CLOTHING
WELL, WELL, MR PRIME MINISTER, I SEE BY MY DIALS THAT YOU'VE PAID A LITTLE VISIT TO A SATELITE OF SATURN!
GUIDED BY DELICATE INSTRUMENTS, FERO'S ROCKET TRAILS THE VILLAIN....

THEY LAND ON SATURN BEFORE A GLOOMY FORTRESS.
HURRY! WE MUSTN'T BE SEEN!
BUT THEY ARE SEEN!
PUT UP YOUR HANDS!
SURE, SURE! MIND IF I PUT UP MY FOOT TOO?
USING THE GUARD'S RAY GUN, FERO BLASTS THE DOOR!
HE RECEIVES A CORDIAL GREETING!
SORRY, BUD! I'M IN A HURRY!
APPARENTLY FERO IS IN A HURRY! HE CERTAINLY SCATTERS THE GUARDS AROUND!
IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE?
SURE! LOOK AT ME DOCTOR UP THIS BABY!
AS THE PRIME MINISTER ENTERS... FERO IS MASTER OF THE SITUATION
WHAT IS THIS? YOU!
HA! HA! DID YOU THINK YOU COULD GET ME, MY FRIEND? HA! HA!
BUT THE RAY GUN CAN'T EVEN SCRATCH FERO!
THANKS FOR YOUR HOSPITALITY BUD!
SEE FERO! SURE WAS SCARED FOR A MINUTE I FORGOT YOU HAVE ON YOUR RAY PROOF VEST!
YOU POOR BOY!
THE NEXT ADVENTURE OF FERO TO APPEAR IN PLANET WILL BE FULL OF REAL EXCITEMENT!

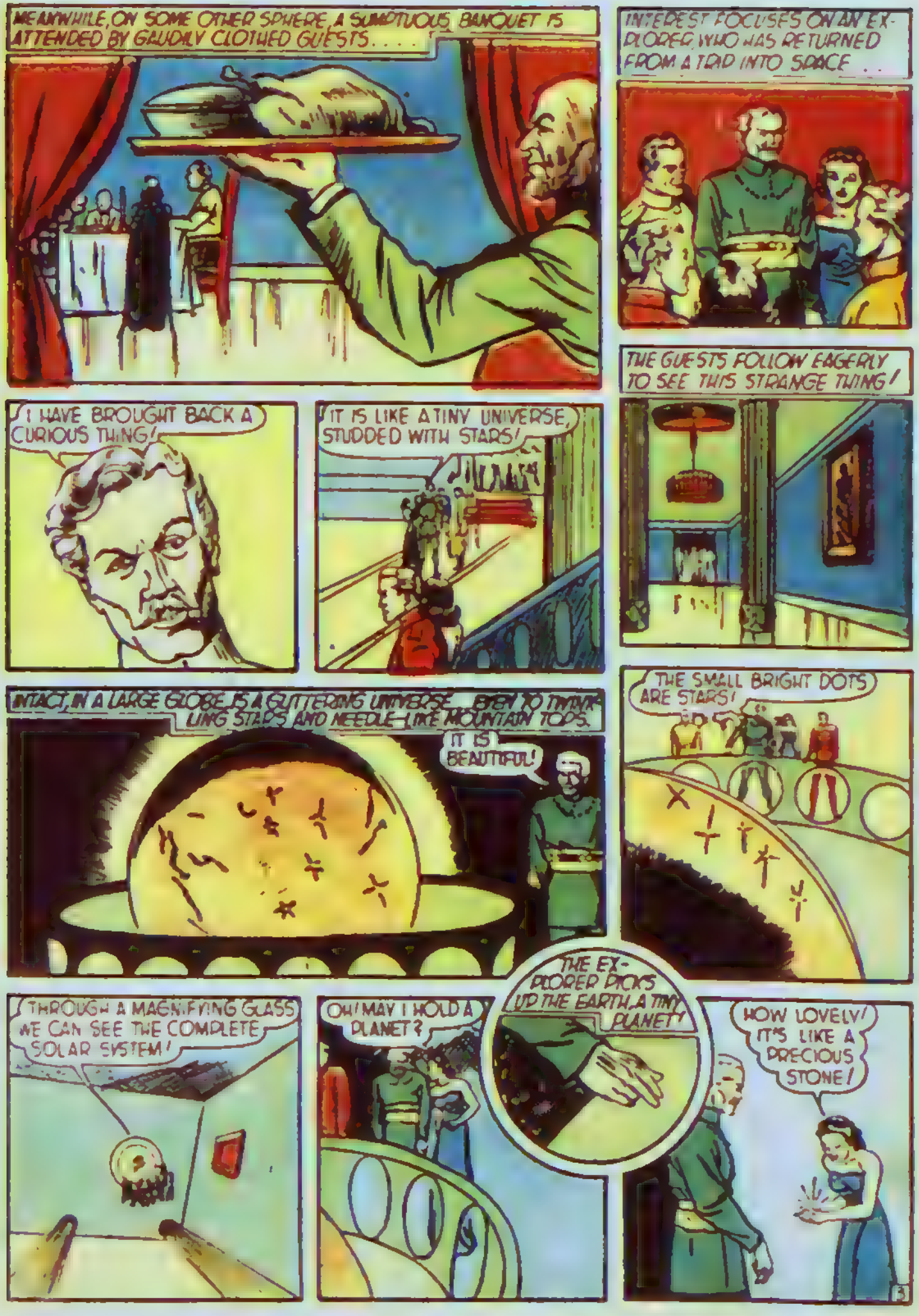
Don GRANVAL

IN THE MENACE OF THE MAGNO-UNIVERSE

By Walt Scott

IN HIS LABORATORY YOUNG DR. GRANVAL BENDS OVER HIS BE-LOVED TEST TUBES. A NEW THEORY HOLDS HIS INTEREST. . . . .
GOSH! I'LL BE LATE! BETTER STOP NOW TO MEET CLAIRE...
SORRY, CLAIRE, TO KEEP YOU WAITING!
WHY LATE THIS TIME, DON? COME NOW...A GOOD REASON?
THE BEST REASON IN THE WORLD! I THINK I'VE DISCOVERED THE POWERFUL POISON THAT IS ENDANGERING OUR EARTH!
ACCORDING TO MY EXPERIMENTS IT COMES FROM THE PLANET PLUTO WHICH HAS JUST RECENTLY BEEN EXPLORED!

DON AND CLAIRE FORGET BUSINESS. A FEW MOMENTS OF PLEASURE COME FIRST...
DON HOWEVER RETURNS TO THE DISCUSSION...
ALTHOUGH WE HAVE EXPLORED THE PLANETS MANY TIMES, THERE IS STILL MUCH TO LEARN!
YES, DEAR!
WHAT IS EARTH IN THIS GREAT SOLAR SYSTEM? AN ATOM? WHEN SHALL WE KNOW? HOW?
OH, DON, FORGET IT—THAT IS ALL BUT THE MOON! WE'LL CONCENTRATE ON THAT!
OF COURSE IF YOU DON'T WANT TO...
OH COME, COME, HONEY!
OF COURSE, YOU'RE MORE INTERESTING THAN THE UNIVERSE AND SO MUCH PRETTIER!
THAT'S MORE LIKE IT!
SEE? I HAVEN'T A PLANET ON MY MIND!
LIAR!
SUDDENLY, AN OMINOUS BLACK MANTLE CLOAKS THE PARK....
DON! OH! I CAN'T SEE!
CLAIRE!! WHERE ARE YOU? OOOoo!
EARTH TREMBLES.. BUILDINGS FALL! TIDAL WAVES WREAK TERRIBLE DESTRUCTION...

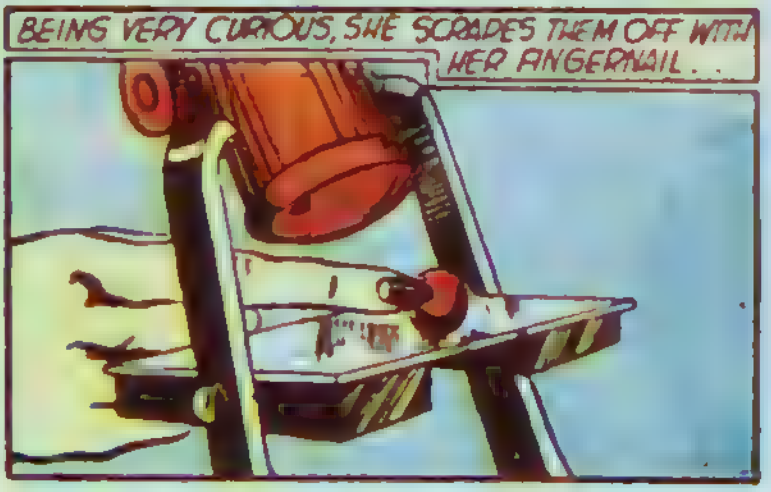

MEANWHILE, ON SOME OTHER SPHERE, A SUMPTUOUS BANQUET IS ATTENDED BY GAUDILY CLOTHED GUESTS. . . .
INTEREST FOCUSES ON AN EXPLORER, WHO HAS RETURNED FROM A TRIP INTO SPACE . .
THE GUESTS FOLLOW EAGERLY TO SEE THIS STRANGE THING!
I HAVE BROUGHT BACK A CURIOUS THING!
IT IS LIKE A TINY UNIVERSE, STUDDED WITH STARS!
INTACT, IN A LARGE GLOBE, IS A GLITTERING UNIVERSE . . EVEN TO TINY TWINKLING STARS AND NEEDLE-LIKE MOUNTAIN TOPS.
IT IS BEAUTIFUL!
THE SMALL BRIGHT DOTS ARE STARS!
THROUGH A MAGNIFYING GLASS WE CAN SEE THE COMPLETE SOLAR SYSTEM!
OH! MAY I HOLD A PLANET?
THE EXPLORER PICKS UP THE EARTH, A TINY PLANET
HOW LOVELY! IT'S LIKE A PRECIOUS STONE!

.N HER HAND THE EARTH IS A SMALL SHINY MARBLE. . . .

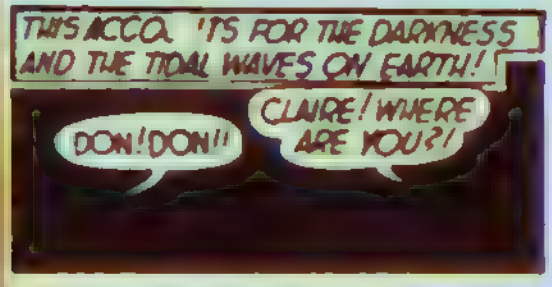
COME WE'LL LOOK AT IT THROUGH THE MICROSCOPE!

THERE, IT IS ADJUSTED YOU MAY LOOK NOW!

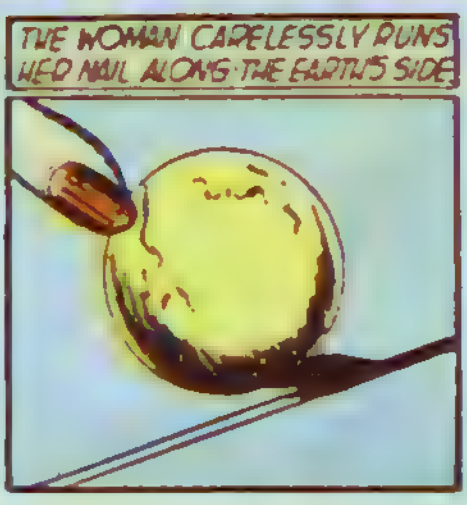
SHE GASPS WITH SHOCK! TWO TINY PEOPLE APPEAR BEFORE HER EYES. . . .

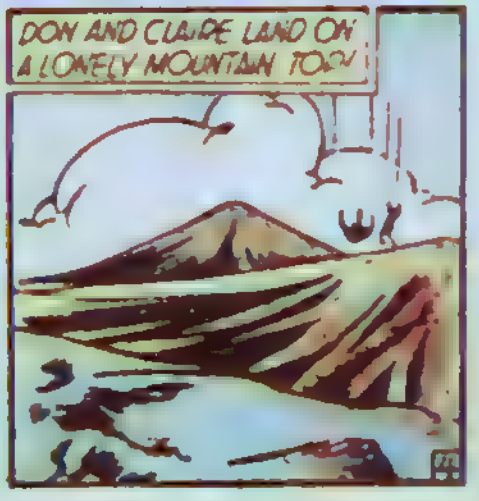

BEING VERY CURIOUS, SHE SCRAPES THEM OFF WITH HER FINGERNAIL. .

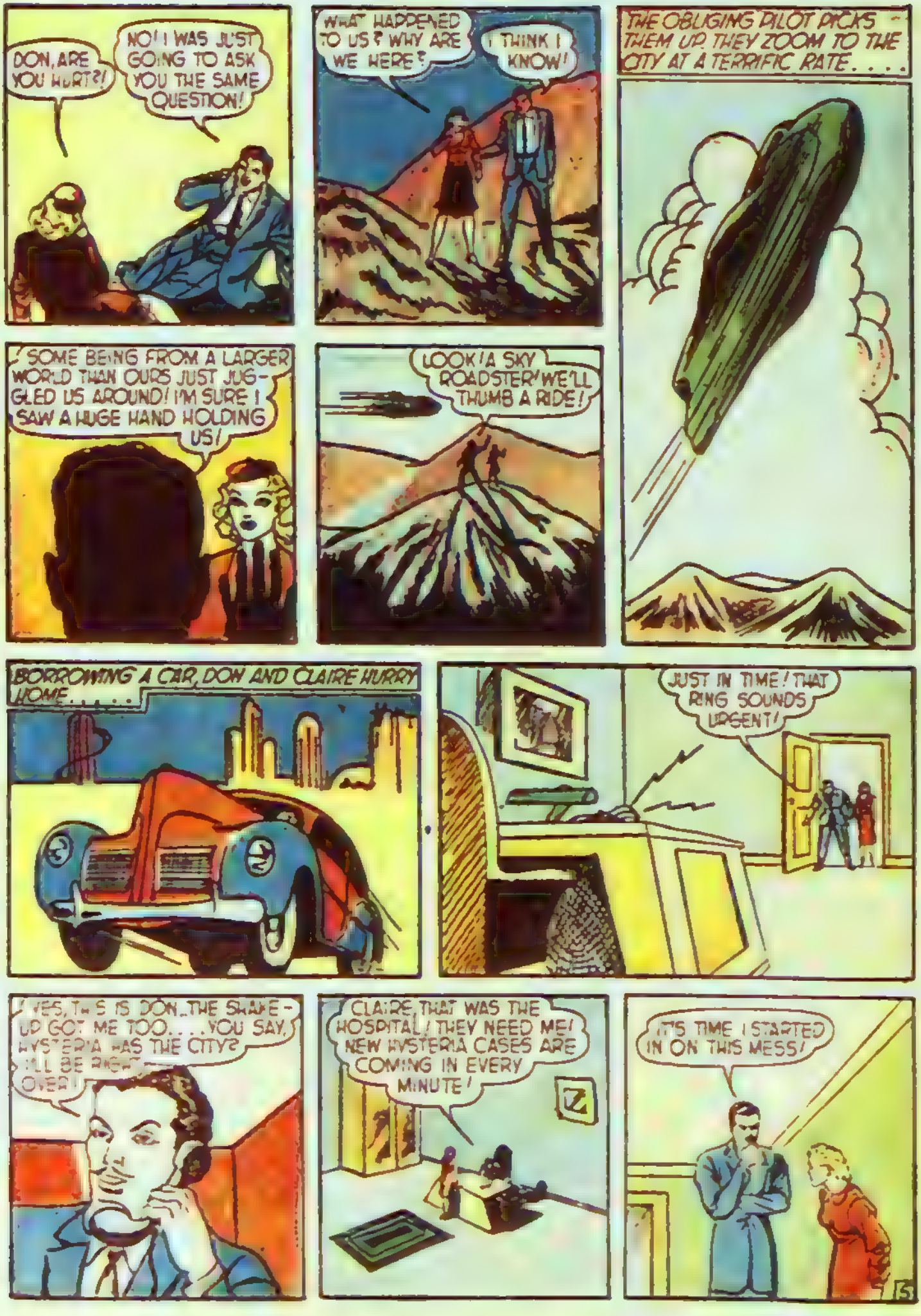
STOP! THEY ARE LIVING THINGS EVEN AS WE ARE!

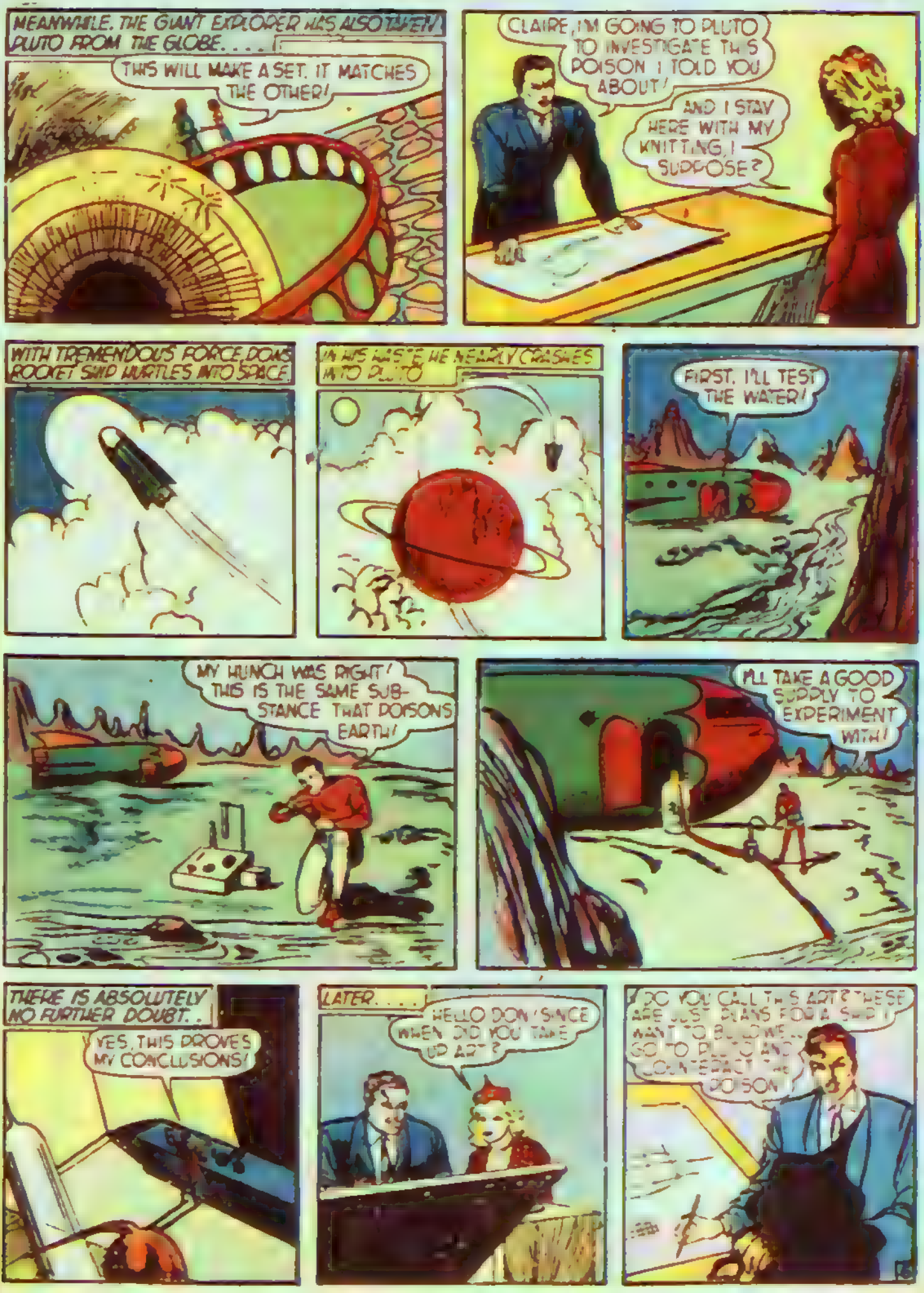

THIS ACCOU 'TS FOR THE DARKNESS AND THE TIDAL WAVES ON EARTH!
DON! DON!!
CLAIRE! WHERE ARE YOU?!

THEY ARE AS GERMS ON YOUR FINGER! THEY CANNOT LIVE HERE! PUT THEM BACK!

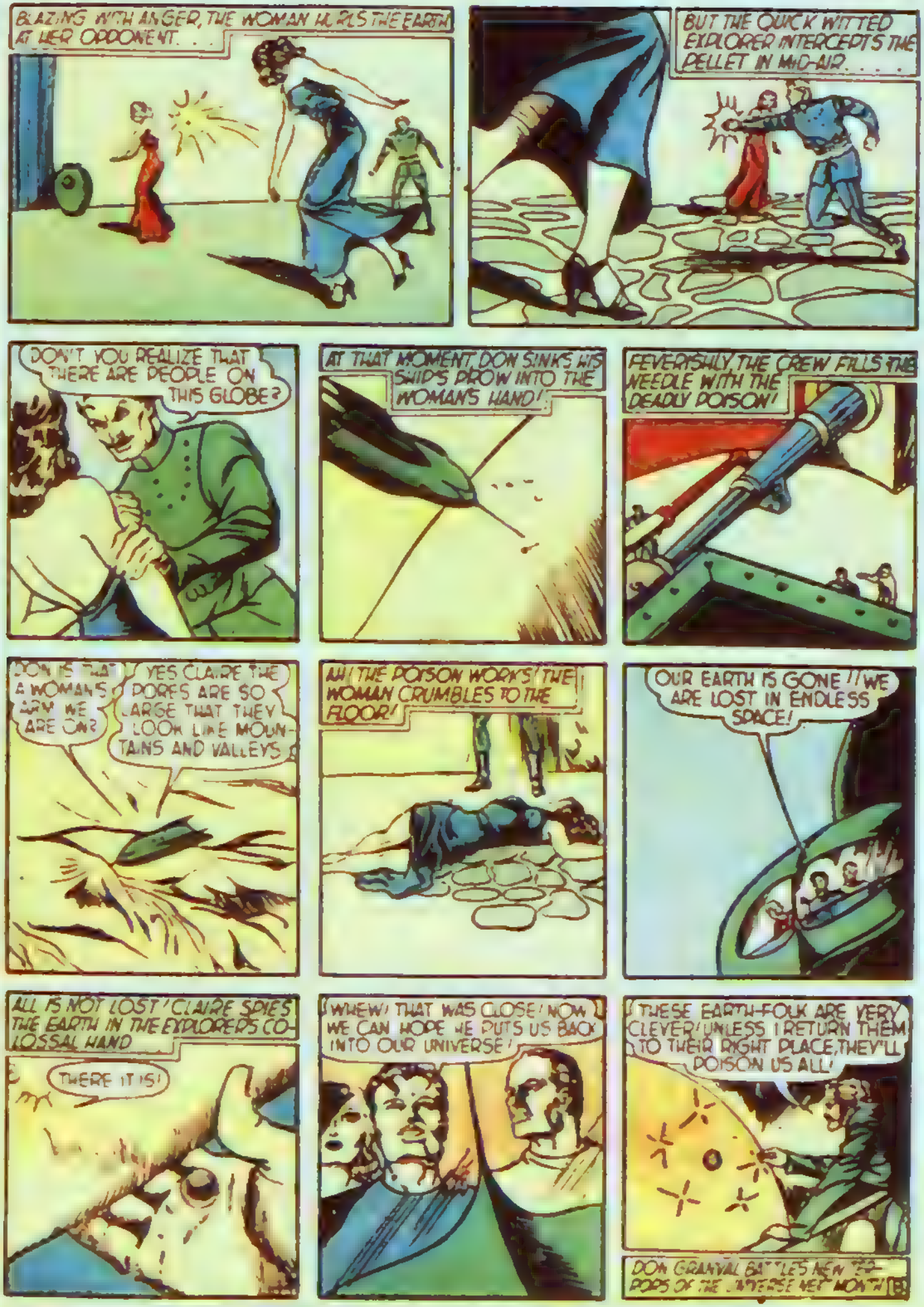

THE WOMAN CARELESSLY RUNS HER NAIL ALONG THE EARTH'S SIDE


DON AND CLAIRE LAND ON A LONELY MOUNTAIN TOP!


DON, ARE YOU HURT?!
NO! I WAS JUST GOING TO ASK YOU THE SAME QUESTION!
WHAT HAPPENED TO US? WHY ARE WE HERE?
I THINK I KNOW!
THE OBLIGING PILOT PICKS THEM UP. THEY ZOOM TO THE CITY AT A TERRIFIC RATE. . . .
SOME BEING FROM A LARGER WORLD THAN OURS JUST JUGGLED US AROUND! I'M SURE I SAW A HUGE HAND HOLDING US!
LOOK! A SKY ROADSTER! WE'LL THUMB A RIDE!
BORROWING A CAR, DON AND CLAIRE HURRY HOME. . . .
JUST IN TIME! THAT RING SOUNDS URGENT!
YES, THIS IS DON. THE SHAKE-UP GOT ME TOO. . . . YOU SAY, HYSTERIA HAS THE CITY? I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!
CLAIRE, THAT WAS THE HOSPITAL! THEY NEED ME! NEW HYSTERIA CASES ARE COMING IN EVERY MINUTE!
IT'S TIME I STARTED IN ON THIS MESS!


MEANWHILE, THE GIANT EXPLORER HAS ALSO TAKEN PLUTO FROM THE GLOBE. . . .
THIS WILL MAKE A SET. IT MATCHES THE OTHER!
CLAIRE, I'M GOING TO PLUTO TO INVESTIGATE THIS POISON I TOLD YOU ABOUT!
AND I STAY HERE WITH MY KNITTING, I SUPPOSE?
WITH TREMENDOUS FORCE, DOAK'S ROCKET SHIP HURTLES INTO SPACE.
IN HIS HASTE HE NEARLY CRASHES INTO PLUTO
FIRST, I'LL TEST THE WATER!
MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT! THIS IS THE SAME SUBSTANCE THAT POISONS EARTH!
I'LL TAKE A GOOD SUPPLY TO EXPERIMENT WITH!
THERE IS ABSOLUTELY NO FURTHER DOUBT..
YES, THIS PROVES MY CONCLUSIONS!
LATER. . . .
HELLO DON! SINCE WHEN DID YOU TAKE UP ART?
DO YOU CALL THIS ART? THESE ARE JUST PLANS FOR A SHIP I WANT TO BUILD! I'M GOING TO PLUTO AND COUNTERACT THE POISON!

THE PLANS ARE SUCCESSFUL! THE AIRSHIP IS COMPLETED!
THAT LONG POINT IS A HYPODERMIC NEEDLE TO COUNTERACT THE POISON I HAVE FOUND!
WHAT ARE THEY LOADING INTO THE SHIP DON?
A SUPPLY OF CONCENTRATED POISON!
WELL, IT WON'T BE LONG, AND I'LL BE SHOVING OFF!
OH, DON! I HAVE NO KNITTING! I WANT TO GO!
IN ITS CATAPULT, THE SHIP IS READY TO TAKE OFF. . . .
SOARING HIGH INTO SPACE, THE ROCKET TRAVELS TOWARD ITS GOAL . . .
DON POINTS THE NEEDLE FROM DIRECTLY AT THE WOMAN'S WRIST
MEANWHILE,
SO YOU LIKE THE PLANETS!
I LOVE THEM! THEY'RE LIKE JEWELS!
SMILING SWEETLY, ANOTHER GIRL APPROACHES THE EXPLORER
MAY I HAVE A PLANET TOO?
SUPPOSE YOU MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS YOU VIXEN
VIXEN? YOU CALL ME A VIXEN? I'LL KILL YOU FOR THAT!
TRY IT!


BLAZING WITH ANGER, THE WOMAN HURLS THE EARTH AT HER OPPONENT. . .
BUT THE QUICK WITTED EXPLORER INTERCEPTS THE PELLET IN MID-AIR. . . .
DON'T YOU REALIZE THAT THERE ARE PEOPLE ON THIS GLOBE?
AT THAT MOMENT, DON SINKS HIS SWIDS PROW INTO THE WOMAN'S HAND!
FEVERISHLY, THE CREW FILLS THE NEEDLE WITH THE DEADLY POISON!
DON IS THAT A WOMAN'S ARM WE ARE ON?
YES CLAIRE THE PORES ARE SO LARGE THAT THEY LOOK LIKE MOUNTAINS AND VALLEYS
AH! THE POISON WORKS! THE WOMAN CRUMBLES TO THE FLOOR!
OUR EARTH IS GONE!! WE ARE LOST IN ENDLESS SPACE!
ALL IS NOT LOST! CLAIRE SPIES THE EARTH IN THE EXPLORER'S COLOSSAL HAND
THERE IT IS!
WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE! NOW WE CAN HOPE HE PUTS US BACK INTO OUR UNIVERSE!
THESE EARTH-FOLK ARE VERY CLEVER! UNLESS I RETURN THEM TO THEIR RIGHT PLACE, THEY'LL POISON US ALL!
DON GRANVAL BATTLES NEW FOES OF THE UNIVERSE NEXT MONTH!

CRASH BARKER and THE ZOOM SLED

by CHAS. M. QUINLAN

AS "CRASH" BARKER, HIS SWEETHEART BETTY, AND "WHEEL" BARROW, HIS PAL, ARE SUCCESSFULLY TESTING THE SENSATIONAL "ZOOM SLED"---BART CLAY, THE SPOILED SON OF THE OWNER OF CLAY AIRPORT, IS BENT ON STEALING THE PLANS OF ITS CONSTRUCTION. ..... BUT.. A BAND OF FOREIGN SPIES, WHO ALSO WITNESSED THE AMAZING DEMONSTRATION HAS THE SAME INTENTION !!

WHILE THE CROWD AT THE AIRPORT INTENTLY WATCHES THE THRILLING ANTICS OF "CRASH" AND HIS "ZOOM SLED."

THIS IS BARKER'S HANGAR--WE WILL GO IN NOW!---GET THE PLANS, AND BE FAR AWAY BEFORE ANYONE DISCOVERS THEY ARE MISSING!

THE THRONG DOES NOT SUSPECT THE DRAMA GOING ON IN BACK OF THEM--AS CLAY RACES TOWARD BARKER'S OFFICE!

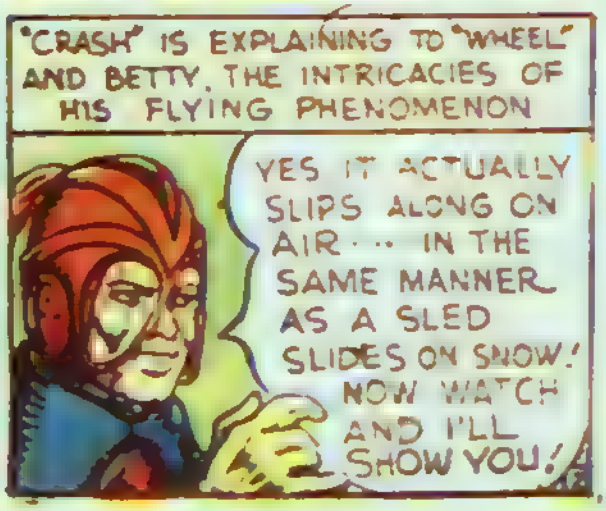
AND IN THE ZOOM SLED!

NOW, MY KIDDIES, I'M GOIN' TO SHOW YOU WHY I CALL THIS A "ZOOM SLED" INSTEAD OF A ZOOM SHIP!

RAISE YOUR HANDS! MAKE NO OUTCRY, OR WE SHALL BE COMPELLED TO KILL YOU! HAND OVER THE KEYS TO BARKER'S OFFICE, OR WE'LL TAKE THEM FROM YOU BY FORCE!

THEN ONE OF THE SPIES COMES FROM IN BACK AND KNOCKS HIM OUT WITH A WELL DIRECTED GUN BARREL!

MEANWHILE...


"CRASH" IS EXPLAINING TO "WHEEL" AND BETTY, THE INTRICACIES OF HIS FLYING PHENOMENON
YES IT ACTUALLY SLIPS ALONG ON AIR ... IN THE SAME MANNER AS A SLED SLIDES ON SNOW! NOW WATCH AND I'LL SHOW YOU!

THE "ZOOM SLED" SWINGS IN A WIDE ARC, AND THEN DIVES TOWARD THE EARTH!
GET SET! FOR THE GREATEST LANDING IN THE HISTORY OF FLYING!
THE AIR IS POCKETED IN THE TUBULAR SHAPED WINGS AND THE SLED PRACTICALLY SLIDES ON COMPACTED AIR WITH THE BASE ACTING AS A TOBOGGAN !! AND NOW.
AND AT THE AIRPORT, THINGS BEGIN TO HAPPEN FAST, AS BART CLAY TRIPS OVER THE BODY OF JIM!
OOPS! WHAT THE HECK IS THAT!
THE JOLT OF BART STUMBLING OVER HIM, REVIVES JIM TO A SEMI-CONCIOUS STATE AND HE STARTS TO MUMBLE...
IT'S THE PLANS YOUSE GUYS IS AFTER--! I KNOW! I KNOW!--
BART REALIZES THAT SOMEONE IS BEATING HIM TO THE THEFT OF THE PLANS!
THERE THEY ARE! STILL IN THERE! GEE, MAYBE THEY HAVEN'T GOT THEM YET!
BUT... THE SPIES ARE STILL SEARCHING.
HE HAS HIDDEN THEM WELL! HUGO! THE CLOSET, EXAMINE IT CAREFULLY --- HURRY!
BART DRAWS HIS GUN, AND CAUTIOUSLY APPROACHES THE OFFICE!!
I'LL SHOW THEM! THE DIRTY CROOKS!

BART BURSTS IN ON THE FOREIGN AGENTS !

DON'T MOVE ! EITHER OF YOU - C'MON, GET YOUR HANDS UP!

BUT-- HUGO IN THE CLOSET, IS UNSEEN BY BART !!!! HE REALIZES THAT HIS FRIENDS HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED !

... AND FIRES TWO SHOTS POINT BLANK AT THE DOOR BETWEEN HIMSELF AND BART CLAY !!

BANG-BANG

OWF

AS BART DROPS, HIS GUN GOES OFF !! AND TOPPLES OUTSIDE !

ALL UNCONSCIOUS OF THE TRAGEDY IN BARKER'S HANGAR, THE CROWD WATCHES THE "ZOOM SLED" !

YEP ! I'M GOING TO LAND THIS BABY, RIGHT INSIDE OF THE HANGAR !!

RIGHT INSIDE OF THE HANGAR ?!

CONSTERNATION REIGNS! WOMEN FAINT,....MEN TURN PALE AS "CRASH" BARKER'S "ZOOM SLED" DIVES STRAIGHT FOR THE HANGAR !!
WOW!
THEY OVERSHOT THE FIELD !!
THEY'RE GOIN' TO CRASH!
RUN!
AND IN BACK OF THE HANGAR THE SPIES ARE ESCAPING!
QUICK! OUT THIS WAY!
WOW!
SOME LANDING!
HE LANDED RIGHT IN THE HANGAR!
YEAH!
WOW!
KIDS, WE DID IT !! THIS IS THE MASTER FLYING MACHINE OF ALL TIME!! AND WERE CELEBRATING IT, RIGHT NOW!
I STILL THINK I'M DEAD!
GEE! I THOUGHT YOU HAD SUDDENLY GONE CRAZY!
CAMERAMEN, REPORTERS, EVERYBODY MAKES A CONCENTRATED DASH FOR "CRASH" BARKER'S HANGAR!

A HANDFUL OF POLICE TRY TO HOLD BACK THE ENTHUSIASTIC CROWD !!

"JACK", GET INSIDE AND CALL THE RESERVES! HURRY UP!

YOU HOP OUT AND GET MY CAR, "WHEEL", BETTY, STAY HERE, SHED THAT FLYING GEAR AND PRETTY UP A BIT—I'M GOIN' TO THE OFFICE

"CRASH" JUMPS OUT OF THE "ZOOM SLED" AND TROTS TOWARD HIS OFFICE AT THE REAR OF THE HANGAR!

POOR JIM, IN HIS SEMI-CONCIOUS CONDITION HAS DRAGGED HIMSELF ALMOST UNDER HIS WORK BENCH, AND HE LIES UNNOTICED AS "CRASH" HURRIES BY!

A SHINY OBJECT NEAR THE DOOR— CAUSES CRASH TO STOP SUDDENLY!

A GUN! WHAT'S IT DOING HERE

AS HE THROWS OPEN THE OFFICE DOOR! HE SEES THE BODY OF BART!

HOLY COWS! WHAT'S THIS?

THE OFFICER SENT TO PHONE FOR THE RESERVES, COMES UPON "CRASH" WITH THE GUN IN HIS HAND BENDING OVER BART CLAY!

DROP THAT GUN, BARKER! DON'T MOVE OR I'LL SHOOT!

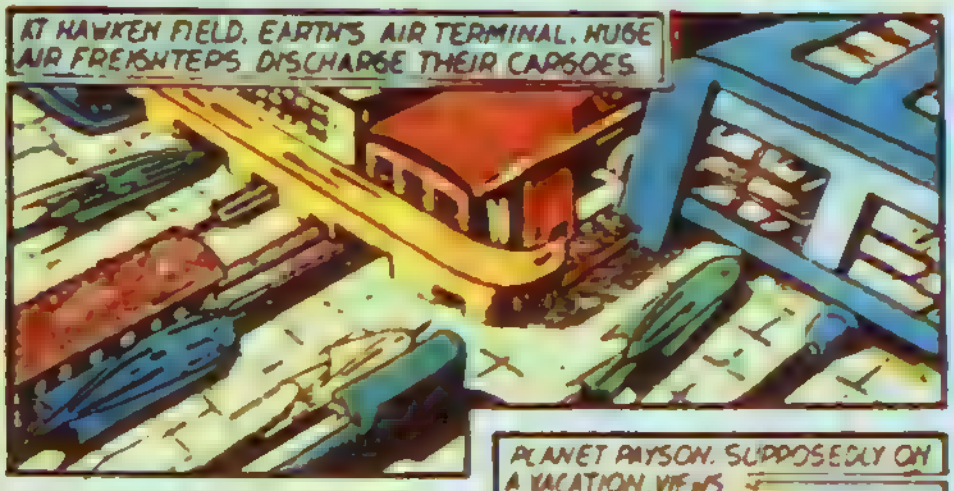
DON'T BE SILLY I DIDN'T SHOOT HIM!

HE DIDN'T DO IT, OFFICER. A GANG OF SPIES STOLE THE PLANS AND SHOT BART.
LOOK! THERE THEY GO!
QUICK! TO THE HANGAR!
I'M GOING AFTER THEM WITH THE "ZOOM SLED"! THEY'LL NEVER GET AWAY!
ARE THE GUNS HOOKED UP?
YES, I FIXED 'EM MYSELF!
ROARING AFTER THE CROOKS, CRASH SOON OVERTAKES THEM, AND FIRES HIS RAY GUN..
BULL'S EYE! I HIT THEIR ROCKET GENERATORS!
WRAPPED IN FLAMES, THE MURDERER'S SHIP SPINS TO EARTH.
WITH A THUNDEROUS CRASH IT STRIKES THE GROUND, SHATTERING TO BITS!
BOOM
THAT'S THE END OF THEM! BART'S DEATH IS AVENGED AND THE PLANS ARE STILL MY SECRET.
ANOTHER CRASH BARKER IN THE NEXT ISSUE.

PLANET PAYSON

By Morley Stark

IONITE, A NEW METAL DISCOVERED ON MERCURY IS SUPERIOR TO ALL KNOWN METALS.. STEEL MAGNATES ARE FRANTIC; THEIR MARKET IS RUINED, SINCE LARGE QUANTITIES OF IONITE ARE BEING SMUGGLED TO EARTH. A CRISIS THREATENS, . . .



YOU KNOW IF YOU CRACK THIS SMUGGLING CASE YOU'D BE DUE FOR PROMOTION
HOW INTERESTING!
NOW, PAYSON, GET WISE
YOU FORGET, I'M STILL ON MY VACATION
PAYSON, TURNING HIS BACK TO KNEELY WHISTLES CARELESSLY
YOU FOOL! I'LL HAVE YOU DISCHARGED FROM THE SERVICE!
HIS FIRST STOP IS THE CAFETERIA OF THE BUILDING. .
HOWDY, JIM DID YOU UNCOVER ANYTHING?
I THINK SO PLANET. THE MEN IN BOOTH 7. .
I HEAR ONE IS COLLECTING MORE IN HIS COMBER THAN JUST SPACE DUST AND METEORITES
HE HEADS TOWARD THE SPACE COLLECTORS' HANGOUT THE SKY DUMP
SKY DUMP
HELLO FELLOWS, MAY I SPEAK TO YOU A MINUTE?
SURE PLANET. WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?
WILL YOU TAKE ME ALONG ON YOUR AFTERNOON TRIP? I'D LIKE TO SEE HOW THE NEW SPACE COMBER WORKS.
SURE THING!
THANKS JIM

PLANET AND HAL, PILOT OF SPACE COMBER 7, GO TO THE HANGAR..

I DON'T THINK A GUY LIKE YOU WILL FIND THIS INTERESTING, PAYSON

I MIGHT

A MOMENTS WORK HAS SPACE COMBER 7 ON A RUNWAY PREPARATORY TO ITS FLIGHT

YOU KNOW OF COURSE, THAT THE SPACE COMBER ATTRACTS FLOATING GAS SOLIDS THAT HINDER THE AIR LANES. SAY, DO YA' KNOW WHO THE SMUGGLERS ARE?

NO. NOT YET HAL.

PLANET STUDIES THE DESIGN AND OPERATION OF THE SHIP..

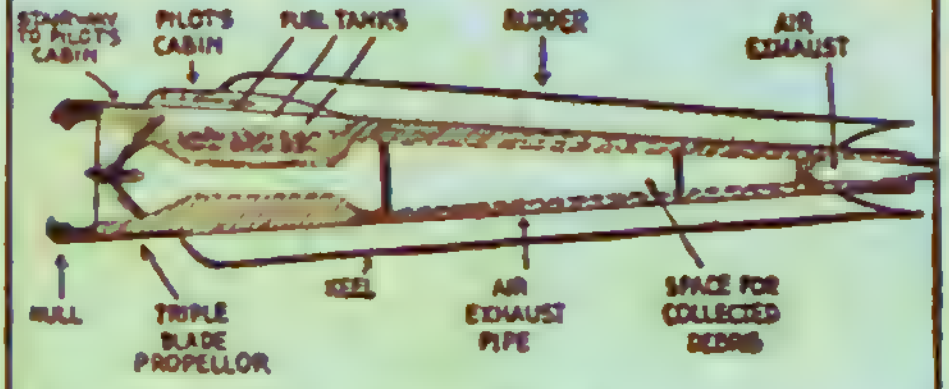


DIAGRAM OF SPACE COMBER No 7

DO YOU ALWAYS CLEAN THE SAME AREA, HAL?

YES. THIS IS MY REGULAR RUN.

FOR AN HOUR, THE SHIP ZOOMS BACK AND FORTH, COLLECTING ITS LOAD OF GAS SOLID DEBRIS.

NOTHING WRONG HERE. AT LEAST NOTHING I'VE SEEN.

WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?

AT THE DUMP, THE DEBRIS IS BLOWN ONTO A HUGE PILE..

WELL, NOW YOU KNOW THE WHOLE BUSINESS, PAYSON.

THANKS, HAL

PAYSON KICKS A FEW LUMPS OF SOLID. SUDDENLY..

WHAT TH? THIS IS IONITE ORE MIXED WITH GAS SOLIDS

SO! THAT'S IT! I'M GOING TO PUT A STOP TO IT!

AT LEAST THERE WON'T BE ANYONE AROUND TO SEE ME WHEN I FALL!
I WONDER IF I'LL BE LUCKY ENOUGH TO LAND ON SOMETHING SOFT!
I'M GOING TO LAND ON MY HEAD!
I'LL BE LUCKY IF I'M ONLY KILLED!
I'M GOING TO LAND ON MY FEET!
I'LL BE LUCKY IF I'M ONLY CRIPPLED!
I'M GOING TO LAND ON MY BACK!
I'LL BE LUCKY IF I'M ONLY PARALYZED!
I'M GOING TO LAND ON MY STOMACH!
I'LL BE LUCKY IF I'M ONLY DISEMBOWELED!
I'M GOING TO LAND ON MY SIDE!
I'LL BE LUCKY IF I'M ONLY DISMEMBERED!
I'M GOING TO LAND ON MY BEHIND!
I'LL BE LUCKY IF I'M ONLY DECAPITATED!
I'M GOING TO LAND ON MY HEAD!
I'LL BE LUCKY IF I'M ONLY KILLED!
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I'LL BE LUCKY IF I'M ONLY DISMEMBERED!
I'M GOING TO LAND ON MY BEHIND!
I'LL BE LUCKY IF I'M ONLY DECAPITATED!

THE VILLAINS DRAG THE STUNNED PAYSON TO THE YAWNING FUNNEL OF A SPACE COMBER.
TIED TO A PROPELLER, PAYSON IS TRAPPED
STEADILY, PAYSON WORKS AT HIS BONDS
I'VE GOT TO NOTIFY HEAD-QUARTERS!
THAT EVENING, HUGE TRUCKS COLLECT THE DAYS DEBRIS.
HOLD ON A SECOND, BOSS!
WHAT IS IT?
WE GOT PLANET PAYSON TIED TO A PROPELLER BLADE. WHAT SHOULD WE DO WITH HIM?
GIVE ME A RAY GUN, I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT TO DO!
POINTING THE DEATH-DEALING RAY PISTOL, THE BOSS FACES PAYSON
TOO BAD YOU'RE SO NOSEY BUT YOU WON'T BE ANY MORE!
AS A LAST RESORT PAYSON STARTS THE PROPELLOR ROTATING...
THE SUDDEN JOLT WEAKENS HIS BONDS, AND PAYSON IS FREE.
LEAPING FOR THE SMUGGLER PAYSON BATTERS HIM INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS
WITH THE RAY GUN "PLANET" BLASTS HIS WAY RIGHT THROUGH THE SHIPS HULL.

ALL FURTHER OBSTACLES ARE DEALT WITH IN PLANET'S BEST FIGHTING MANNER

SOCK

THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE! I MUST GET TO HEAD QUARTERS

SMUGGLERS STILL PURSUE HIM, AS HE ENTERS A SMALL DESTROYER

I HOPE THIS SHIP IS FAST!

PAYSON CALLING N-2 PAYSON CALLING N-2. SEND FAST SHIPS TO AIR LANE 9-19-1

RECOVERING STRENGTH, THE BOSS HASTENS TO THE CHASE

THERE! USE THAT SPACE COMBER! GET HIM CAUGHT IN THE WIND TUNNEL

RIGHT!

THE SMALL SHIP SHOOTS WILDLY INTO SPACE.

POWERFUL SUCTION FORCE OF THE COMBERS WIND TUNNEL DRAWS PLANET TO PROBABLE DEATH

IN A FLASH, THE HUGE SHIP STREAKS AFTER PAYSON.

WITH A SHIVERING, GRATING SHOCK THE PROPELLORS BITE INTO PAYSON'S SHIP

UNHURT, PLANET LEAPS THROUGH THE TUNNEL.

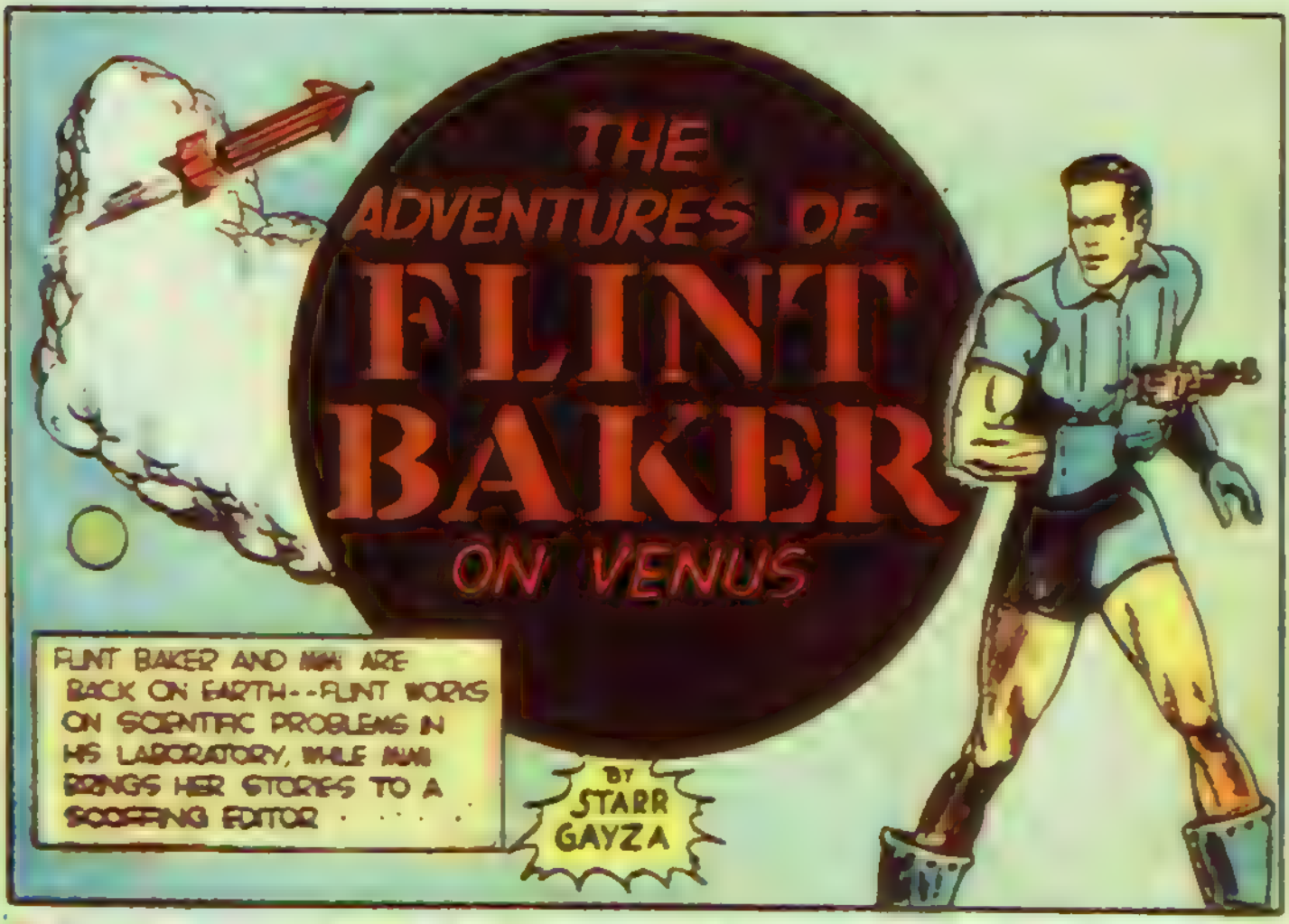
OH BOY! WAIT TILL THE PILOT SEES ME!

BRANDISHING THE RAY GUN, PAYSON STARTLES THE PILOT.

WHAT'S THAT?

SET THE AUTOMATIC CONTROL NOW!

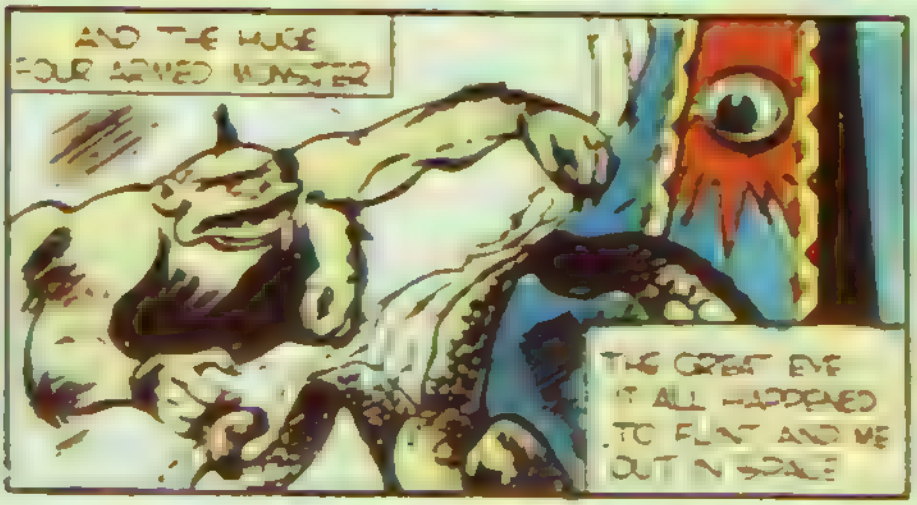
HE BINDS THE PILOT'S HANDS. THE SHIP ROLLS WILDLY..
WE'LL DIE TOGETHER! I DIDN'T SET THE CONTROL!
YOU DIDN'T?!
IN THE NICK OF TIME, PAYSON REACHES THE DASH BOARD HE RELEASES THE AUTOMATIC SWITCH
A FLEET OF FAST MERCURIAN SHIPS PASS, LEAVING A TRAIL OF IONITE SOLIDS BEHIND. . .
THEY'RE HEADING FOR A NEW LANE, I'LL HAVE MY SHIPS TAKE THIS COURSE
PAYSON CALLING N2. CORRECTION SEND SHIPS TO LANE #12 INSTEAD OF #14.
THE SHIP STRAIGHTENS OUT AND SHOOTS UP
IMMEDIATELY, PAYSON'S FLEET SWINGS INTO THE NEW DIRECTION PLANET SIGNS WITH RELIEF.
IN HIS SPACE COMBER, PAYSON HEADS THE SHIP IN A SPIN DIVE
THE SMUGGLER CRAFTS CRASH HEAD ON INTO THE ATTACKERS
SOON THE MERCURIAN SHIPS GO DOWN IN COMPLETE DEFEAT
LATER AT THE AIRPORT
YOU WILL BE REWARDED FOR THIS PAYSON THE SMUGGLERS CONFESSED TO EVERY THING
PLANET'S FRIENDS AT THE SKY DUMP GREET HIM.
PLANET YOU'VE DONE A SWELL JOB.
WITH HIS TROUBLE PAYSON A DANGEROUS ADVENTURE AWAITS YOU NEXT MONTH

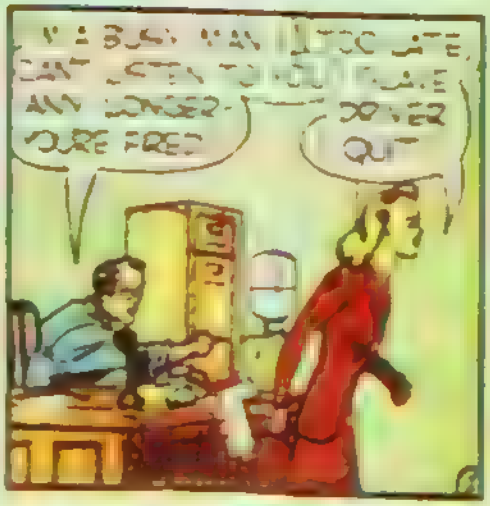

THE ADVENTURES OF
FLINT BAKER
ON VENUS
FLINT BAKER AND NAN ARE BACK ON EARTH--FLINT WORKS ON SCIENTIFIC PROBLEMS IN HIS LABORATORY, WHILE NAN BRINGS HER STORIES TO A SCOFFING EDITOR . . . . .
BY STARR GAYZA

HAW, HAW! YOU CAN'T EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE THIS "BOLONEY" ABOUT "SPACE MONSTERS"-"GIANT EYES"- HAW

IT'S TRUE! I TELL YOU YOU'RE TURNING DOWN THE BIGGEST YARN THAT EVER CAME YOUR WAY!

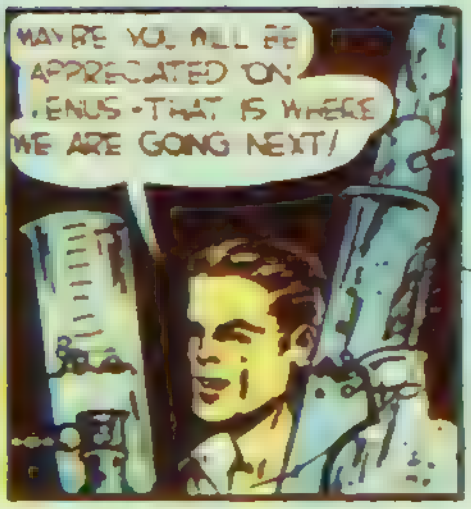
THERE WAS THE LAST CREATURE ON MARS

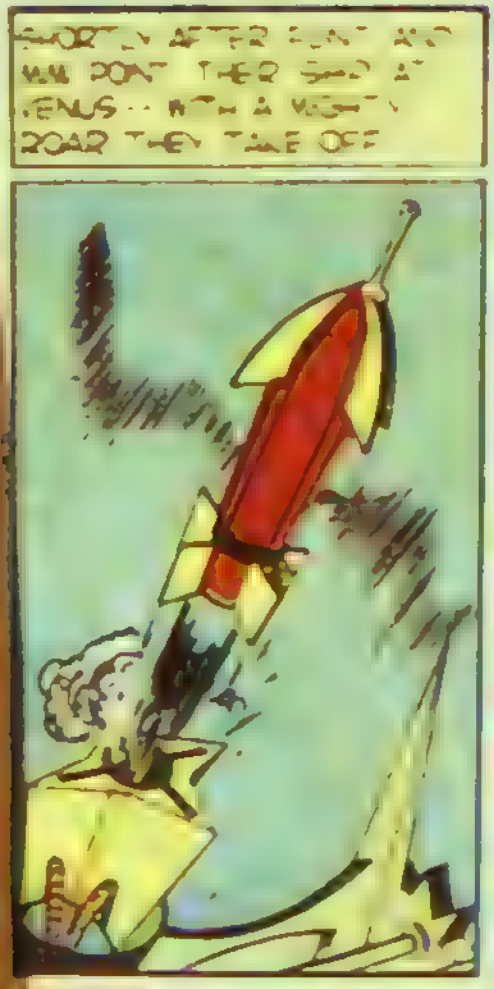

AND THE HUGE FOUR ARMED MONSTER
THE GREAT EYE IT ALL HAPPENED TO FLINT AND ME OUT IN SPACE


I'M A BUSY MAN I TOO LATE, CAN'T LISTEN TO YOUR FLAME ANY LONGER- YOU'RE FREE!
POWER OUT

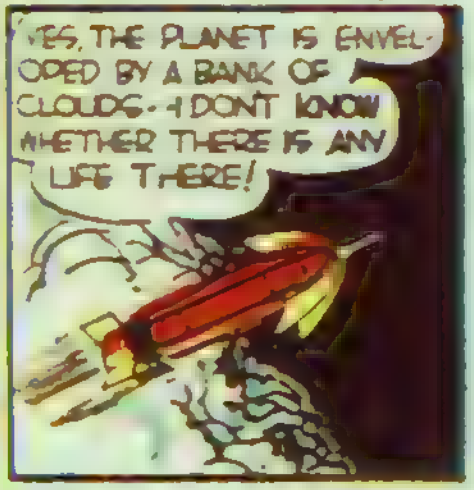
AT FLINT'S LABORATORY
BELIEVES ME

WELL THEY LAUGHED AT COLUMBUS AND ALBERT EINSTEIN - YOU'RE IN GOOD COMPANY

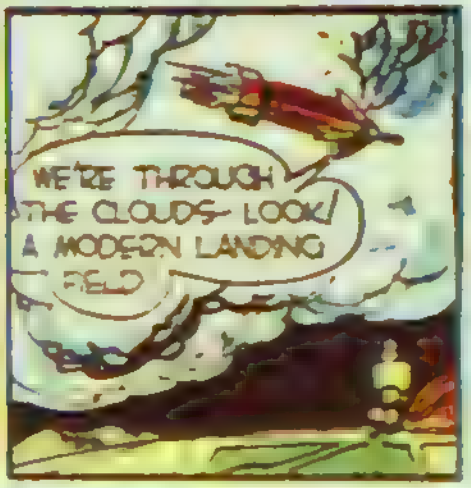

MAYBE YOU'LL BE APPRECIATED ON VENUS - THAT IS WHERE WE ARE GOING NEXT!


SHORTLY AFTER FLINT AND MAN POINT THEIR SHIP AT VENUS - WITH A MIGHTY ROAR THEY TAKE OFF

I'M FEELING BETTER, NOW THAT WE'RE UNDER WAY AGAIN - NOBODY KNOWS MUCH ABOUT VENUS - ISN'T THAT SO?


YES, THE PLANET IS ENVELOPED BY A BANK OF CLOUDS - I DON'T KNOW WHETHER THERE IS ANY LIFE THERE!

THE ELECTRONIC CONVERTER WILL KEEP US OUT OF ANY DANGER WE MAY FIND ON VENUS!

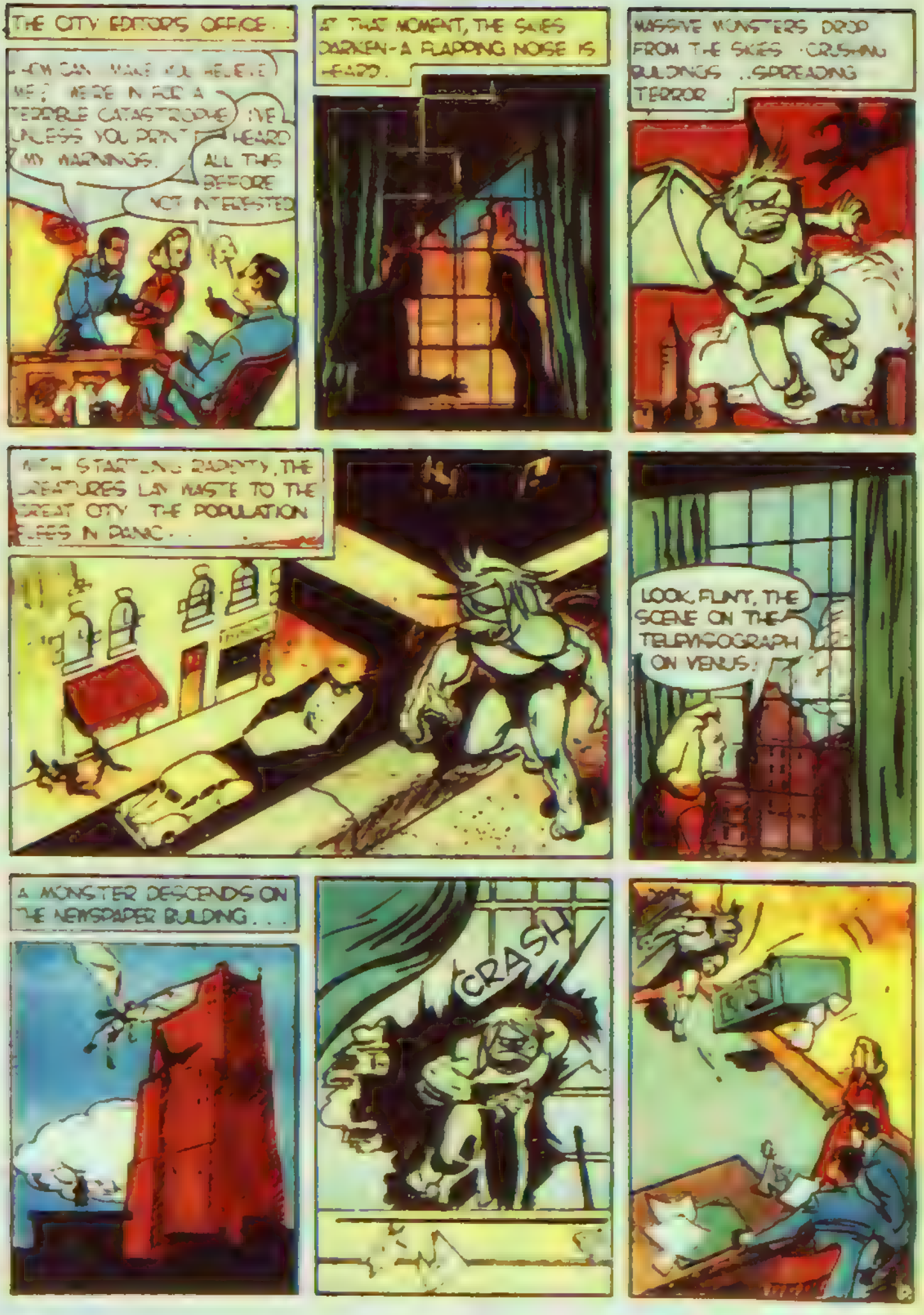

WE'RE THROUGH THE CLOUDS - LOOK! A MODERN LANDING FIELD

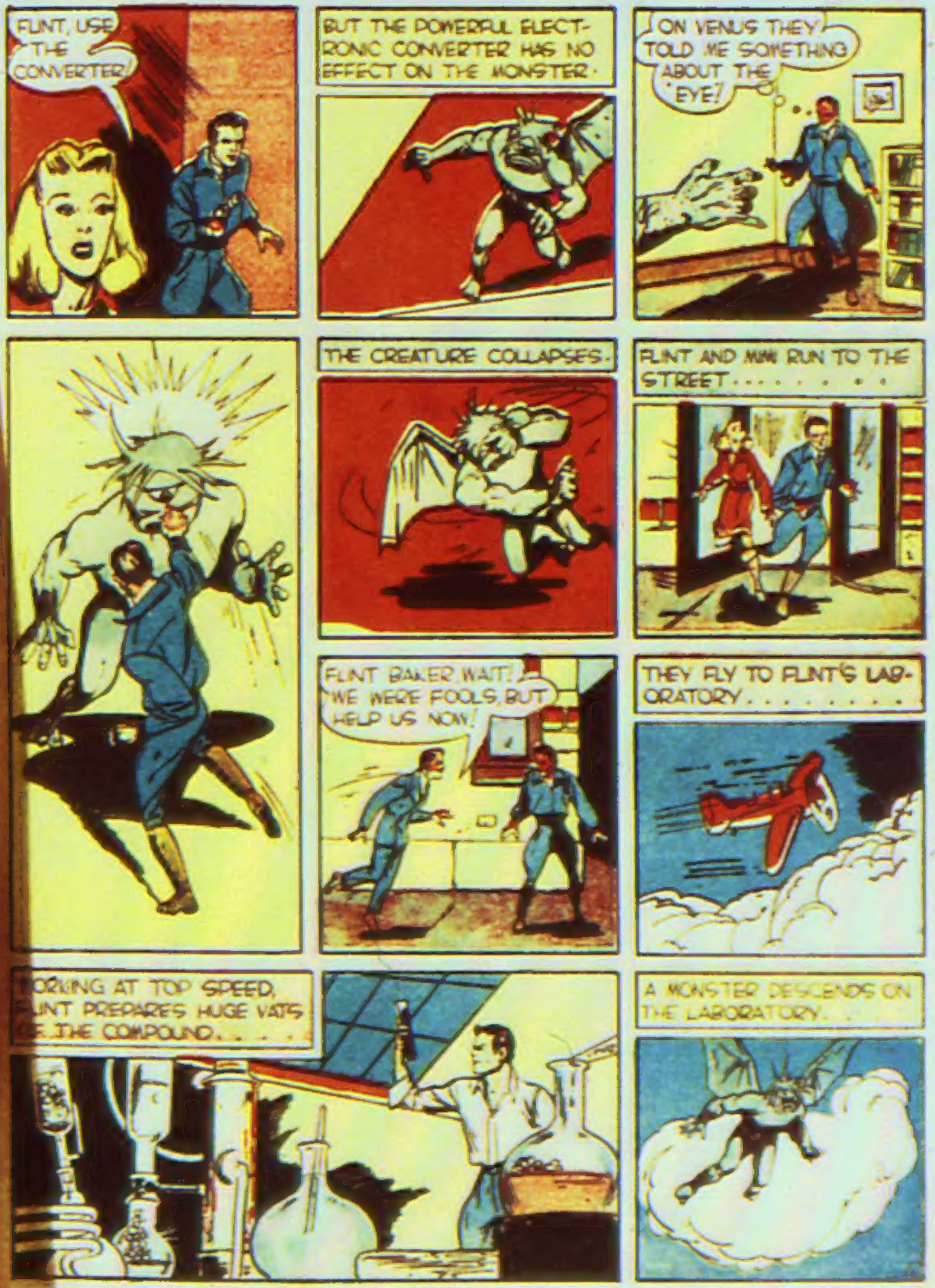
AS FLINT BRINGS THE SPACE SHIP TO A LANDING HE IS ASTOUNDED TO SEE CHEERING CROWDS LINING THE ROCKET PORT

WELCOME TO OUR PLANET, FLINT BAKER AND MAN!
WHAT TH'?

WE ARE HAPPY YOU HAD A SAFE TRIP HERE TO VENUS
BUT HOW?
AND NOW YOU SHALL SOON HAVE A CHANCE TO PROVE TO YOUR EDITOR THAT YOU ARE RIGHT
WHAT IS THIS?
LET ME SEE AN EGG YEARS
I SHALL SHOW YOU THE TIME AND SPACE TELEVISOR WHERE WE SEE THE PAST PRESENT AND THE FUTURE!
THIS MACHINE IS SHOWN ONLY TO A TRUSTED FEW- KNOWLEDGE OF THE FUTURE MAY BE DANGEROUS!
WE HAVE PREPARED FOR YOUR SHORT STAY NOW, LET US GO TO THE GREAT HALL FOR A FEAST IN YOUR HONOR
THIS IS ALL SO BEWILDERING!
IT IS BEAUTIFUL BUT WHERE IS THE FOOD?
THESE WAS CAN'T ALL THE FOOD MADE A CHEMICAL PILL WE DO NOT EAT AS MEN WAS FOR

NOW I WANT TO SHOW YOU HOW YOU ARE TO SAVE YOUR PLANET FROM DESTRUCTION!
THESE TELEVISOGRAPHS SHOW WHAT SHALL HAPPEN TO THE EARTH!
HOW CAN WE PREVENT THIS?
I'M AFRAID YOU CANT, BUT YOU WILL BE ABLE TO STOP FURTHER DISASTER!
HERE IS A FORMULA. MAKE THIS UP IN VAST QUANTITIES. SPRAY IT OVER YOUR BUILDINGS AND ALL STONE STRUCTURES!
ONE THING MORE. THE VITAL SPOT IS BELOW THE EYE···I CAN SAY NO MORE!
CONFUSED AND BEWILDERED BY WHAT THEY HAVE SEEN AND HEARD, THE EARTH PEOPLE LEAVE FOR THEIR HOME PLANET.
A WEEK LATER ON EARTH···
SPRAY THE BUILDINGS BAH, I HAVE NO TIME FOR SUCH NONSENSE
PEOPLE LAUGH AT PUNTS WARNINGS·····
NUMA'S FORMER NEWSPAPER RIDICULES THE SPACE EXPLORERS·····
THE BLADE


THE CITY EDITORS OFFICE..
HOW CAN YOU BELIEVE ME? WE'RE IN FOR A TERRIBLE CATASTROPHE UNLESS YOU PRINT MY WARNINGS.
I'VE HEARD ALL THIS BEFORE NOT INTERESTED
AT THAT MOMENT, THE SKIES DARKEN-A FLAPPING NOISE IS HEARD.
MASSIVE MONSTERS DROP FROM THE SKIES CRUSHING BUILDINGS ..SPREADING TERROR
WITH STARTLING RAPIDITY, THE CREATURES LAY WASTE TO THE GREAT CITY. THE POPULATION FLEES IN PANIC..
LOOK, FLINT, THE SCENE ON THE TELEVISOGRAPH ON VENUS!
A MONSTER DESCENDS ON THE NEWSPAPER BUILDING...
CRASH


FLINT, USE THE CONVERTER!
BUT THE POWERFUL ELECTRONIC CONVERTER HAS NO EFFECT ON THE MONSTER.
ON VENUS THEY TOLD ME SOMETHING ABOUT THE EYE!
THE CREATURE COLLAPSES.
FLINT AND MIN RUN TO THE STREET.....
FLINT BAKER WAT! WE WERE FOOLS, BUT HELP US NOW!
THEY FLY TO FLINT'S LABORATORY.....
DRIVING AT TOP SPEED, FLINT PREPARES HUGE VATS OF THE COMPOUND.....
A MONSTER DESCENDS ON THE LABORATORY.

THERE'S ONE OF 'EM-- NOW WE CAN TEST THE FORMULA!
THE CREATURE IS MET BY A STREAM OF THE CHEMICAL . . .
FOR A MOMENT IT WAVERS. . . ADVANCES ONE HALTING STEP TOWARD FLINT . .
IT WORKS! THE THING IS DEAD!
SQUADS OF MEN SPRAY THE CITY'S STRUCTURES WITH THE FORMULA . . . . . .
ATTACKS ARE MET BY GUNS FIRING THE COMPOUND.
FLINT, YOU WERE RIGHT! I'LL PRINT ALL YOUR ADVENTURES, NOW!
AND NOW, YOU CAN HAVE YOUR OLD JOB BACK!
OH, I DON'T KNOW . . . .
YOU CAN BE PLANET CORRESPONDENT AND AT A TREMENDOUS RAISE IN SAL-- WHAT TH' . . !
I ACCEPT!
A NEW EXCITING FLINT BAKER ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

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